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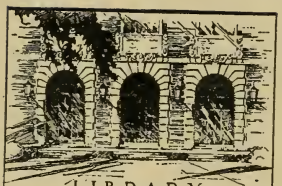

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THE WHITE CHIEF

A Legend of Northern Mexico.

BY

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AUTHOR OF

"RIFLE-RANGERS," "SCALP-HUNTERS," ETC. ETC.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

LONDON:

DAVID BOGUE, FLEET STREET.

1855.

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LONDON:
Printed by G. Barclay, Castle St. Leicester Sq.

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THE WHITE CHIEF.

CHAPTER I.

The monk who presented himself was the same who had figured at the dinner-party. He was the senior of the two that directed the mission, and in every respect the ruler of the establishment. He was known as the Padré Joaquin, while his junior was the Padré Jorgé. The latter was a late addition to the post, whereas Padré Joaquin had been its director almost since the time of its establishment. He was, therefore, an old

resident, and knew the history and character of every settler in the valley. For some reason or other he held an inveterate dislike to the family of the cibolero, to which he had given expression upon the evening of the dinner-party,—although he assigned no cause for his hostility. It could not have been because he regarded them as "hereticos," for though the Padré Joaquin was loud in his denunciations of all who were outside the pale of the Church, yet in his own heart he cared but little about such things. His zeal for religion was sheer hypocrisy and worldly cunning. There was no vice practised in the settlement in which Padré Joaquin did not take a leading part. An adroit *monté* player he was,—ready to do a little cheating upon occasions—a capital judge of game "gallos," ever ready to stake his onzas upon a "main." In addition to

these accomplishments, the padré boasted of others. In his cups,—and this was nothing unusual,—he was in the habit of relating the *liaisons* and *amourettes* of his earlier life, and even some of later date. Although the neophytes of the mission were supposed to be all native Tagnos with dark skins, yet there was to be seen upon the establishment quite a crowd of young *mestizoes*, both boys and girls, who were known as the "sobrinos" and "sobrinas" of Padré Joaquin.

You cannot otherwise than deem this an exaggeration: you will imagine that no reverend father could practise such conduct, and still be held in any sort of respect by the people among whom he dwelt? So should I have thought had I not witnessed with my own eyes and ears the "priest-life" of Mexico. The immoralities here ascribed to

Padré Joaquin can scarcely be called exceptional in his class. They are rather common than otherwise—some have even said *universal.*

It was no zealous feeling of religion, then, that could have "set" the monk in such hostile attitude against the family of the poor cibolero. No. It was some old grudge against the deceased father,—some cross which the padré had experienced from him in the days of the former Commandante.

As Padré Joaquin walked forward on the azotea, his busy bustling air showed that he was charged with some "novedad;" and the triumphant smile upon his countenance told that he calculated upon its being of interest to those to whom he was about to communicate it.

"Good day, father!—Good day, your reverence!" said the Commandante and Roblado speaking at the same time.

"*Buenas dias, cavalleros!*" responded the padré.

"Glad to see you, good father!" said Roblado. "You have saved me a ride. I was just in the act of starting for the mission to wait upon your reverence."

"And if you had come, capitan, I could have given you a luxury to lunch upon. We have received our buffalo-tongues."

"Oh! you have!" cried Vizcarra and Roblado in the same breath, and with an expression of interest that somewhat surprised the padré.

"Ha! you greedy *ladrones!* I see what you would be after. You would have me send you some of them. You sha'n't have a slice though—that is, unless you can give me something that will wash this dust out of my throat. I'm woeful thirsty this morning."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the officers. "What shall it be, father?"

"Well — let me see.— Ah! — a cup of 'Bordeos'—that you received by last arrival."

The claret was ordered and brought up; and the padré, tossing off a glassful, smacked his lips after it with the air of one who well knew and appreciated the good quality of the wine.

"*Linda! lindissima!*" he exclaimed, rolling his eyes up to heaven, as if everything good should come and go in that direction.

"And so, padré," said the impatient Roblado, "you have got your buffalo-tongues? Your hunters, then, have returned?"

"They have; that is the business that brought me over."

"Good! that was the business that was about to take me to the mission."

"An onza we were both on the same errand!" challenged the padré.

"I won't bet, father; you always win."

"Come! you'd be glad to give an onza for my news."

"What news?—what news?" asked the officers at once, and with hurried impatience of manner.

"Another cup of Bordeos, or I choke! The dust of that road is worse than purgatory. Ah! this is a relief!"

And again the padré swallowed a large glassful of claret, and smacked his lips as before.

"Now your news, dear padré?"

"*Pues*, cavalleros—our hunters have returned!"

"*Y pues?*"

"*Pues que!* they have brought news."

"Of what?"

"Of our friend the cibolero."

"Of Carlos?"

"Precisely of that individual."

"What news? Have they seen him?"

"No, not exactly *him*, but *his trail*. They have discovered his lair, and know where he is at this moment."

"Good!" exclaimed Vizcarra and Roblado.

"They can find him at any time."

"Excellent!"

"*Pues*, cavalleros; that is my news at your service. Use it to your advantage, if you can."

"Dear padré!" replied Vizcarra, "yours is a wiser head than ours. You know the situation of affairs. Our troopers *cannot catch* this villain. How would you advise us to act?"

The padré felt flattered by this confidence.

"Amigos!" said he, drawing both of

them together, "I have been thinking of this; and it is my opinion you will do just as well without the help of a single soldier. Take these two hunters into your confidence—so far as may be necessary—equip them for the work—set them on the trail; and if they don't hunt down the heretic rascal, then I, Padré Joaquin, have no knowledge of men."

"Why, padré!" said Roblado; "it's the very thing we have been thinking about—the very business for which I was about to seek you."

"You had good reason, cavalleros. In my opinion, it's the best course to be followed."

"But will your hunters go willingly to work? They are free men, and may not like to engage in so dangerous an enterprise."

"Dangerous!" repeated the padré. "The danger will be no obstacle to them, I promise

you. They have the courage of lions and the agility of tigers. You need not fear that danger will stand in the way."

"You think, then, they will be disposed to it?"

"They *are* disposed — I have sounded them. They have some reasons of their own for not loving the cibolero too dearly; and therefore, cavalleros, you won't require to use much persuasion on that score. I fancy you'll find them ready enough, for they have been reading the proclamation, and, if I mistake not, have been turning over in their thoughts the fine promises it holds out. Make it sure to them that they will be well rewarded, and they'll bring you the cibolero's ears, or his scalp, or his whole carcass, if you prefer it, in less than three days from the present time! They'll track him down, I warrant."

"Should we send some troopers along with them? The cibolero may not be alone. We have reason to believe he has a half-blood with him—a sort of right-hand man of his own—and with this help he may be quite a match for your hunters."

"Not likely—they are very *demonios*. But you can consult themselves about that. They will know best whether they need assistance. That is their own affair, cavalleros. Let them decide."

"Shall we send for them? or will you send them to us?" inquired Roblado.

"Do you not think it would be better for one of you to go to *them?* The matter should be managed privately. If they make their appearance here, and hold an interview with either of you, your business with them will be suspected, and perchance get known to *him*. If it should reach his ears that these

fellows are after him, their chances of taking him would be greatly diminished."

"You are right, father," said Roblado. "How can we communicate with these fellows privately?"

"Nothing easier than that, capitan. Go to their house—I should rather say to their hut—for they live in a sort of hovel by the rocks. The place is altogether out of the common track. No one will be likely to see you on your visit. You must pass through a narrow road in the chapparal; but—I shall send you a guide who knows the spot, and he will conduct you. I think it like enough the fellows will be expecting you, as I hinted to them to stay at home—that possibly they might be wanted. No doubt you'll find them there at this moment."

"When can you send up the guide?"

"He is here now—my own attendant will

do. He is below in the court—you need lose no time."

"No; Roblado," added the Commandante, "your horse is ready—you cannot do better than go at once."

"Then go I shall: your guide, padré?"

"Esteban! Hola! Esteban!" cried the padré, leaning over the wall.

"*Aqui, Señor,*" answered a voice.

"*Sube! sube! anda!*" (Come up quickly.)

The next moment an Indian boy appeared upon the azotea, and taking off his hat approached the padré with an air of reverence.

"You will guide the capitan through the path in the chapparal to the hunters' hut."

"Si, Señor."

"Don't tell any one you have done so."

"No, Señor."

"If you do you shall catch the 'cuarto!' *Vaya!*"

Roblado, followed by the boy, descended the escalera; and, after being helped on his horse, rode away from the gate.

The padré, at the invitation of Vizcarra, emptied another cup of Bordeos; and then, telling his host that a luncheon of the new luxury awaited him at the mission, he bade him good day, and shuffled off homeward.

Vizcarra remained alone upon the azotea. Had any one been there to watch him, they would have noticed that his countenance assumed a strange and troubled expression every time his eyes chanced to wander in the direction of La Niña.

CHAPTER II.

Roblado entered the chapparal, the boy Esteban trotting a few paces in advance of his horse's head. For half-a-mile or so he traversed a leading road that ran between the town and one of the passes. He then struck into a narrow path, but little used except by hunters or vaqueros in search of their cattle. This path conducted him, after a ride of two or three miles, to the base of the cliffs, and there was found the object of his journey—the dwelling-place of the hunters.

It was a mere hut—a few upright posts supporting a single roof, which slanted up, with a very slight inclination, against the face

of the rock. The posts were trunks of a species of arborescent yucca that grew plentifully around the spot, and the roof thatch was the stiff leaves of the same, piled thickly over each other. There was a sort of rude door, made of boards split from the larger trunks of the yucca, and hung with strong straps of *parfléche*, or thick buffalo leather. Also a hole that served for a window, with a shutter of the same material, and similarly suspended. The walls were a wattle of vines and slender poles bent around the uprights, and daubed carelessly with a lining of mud. The smooth vertical rock served for one side of the house—so that so much labour had been spared in the building—and the chimney, which was nothing better than a hole in the roof, conducted the smoke in such a manner, that a sooty streak marked its course up the face of the cliff. The door

entered at one end, close in by the rock, but the window was in the side or front. Through the latter the inmates of the hut could command a view of any one approaching by the regular path. This, however, was a rare occurrence, as the brace of rude hunters had but few acquaintances, and their dwelling was far removed from any frequented route. Indeed, the general track of travel that led along the bottom line of the bluffs did not approach within several hundred yards of this point, in consequence of the indentation or bay in which the hut was placed. Moreover, the thick chapparal screened it from observation on one side, while the cliffs shut it in upon the other.

Behind the house—that is, at the hinder end of it—was a small *corral*, its walls rudely constructed with fragments of rock. In this stood three lean and sore-backed mules, and

a brace of mustangs no better off. There was a field adjoining the corral, or what had once been a field, but from neglect had run into a bed of grass and weeds. A portion of it, however, showed signs of cultivation — a patch here and there — on which stood some maize plants, irregularly set and badly hoed, and between their stems the trailing tendrils of the melon and calabash. It was a true squatter's plantation.

Around the door lay half-a-dozen wolfish-looking dogs; and under the shelter of the overhanging rock, two or three old pack-saddles rested upon the ground. Upon a horizontal pole two riding saddles were set astride — old, worn, and torn — and from the same pole hung a pair of bridles, and some strings of jerked meat and pods of chilé pepper.

Inside the house might have been seen a couple of Indian women, not over cleanly

in their appearance, engaged in kneading coarse bread and stewing tasajo. A fire burnt against the rock, between two stones—earthen pots and gourd dishes lay littered over the floor.

The walls were garnished with bows, quivers, and skins of animals, and a pair of embankments of stones and mud, one at each corner of the room—there was but one room—served as bedstead and beds. A brace of long spears rested in one corner, alongside a rifle and a Spanish *escopeta;* and above hung a macheté or sword-knife, with powder-horns, pouches, and other equipments necessary to a hunter of the Rocky Mountains. There were nets, and other implements for fishing and taking small game, and these constituted the chief furniture of the hovel. All these things Roblado might have seen by entering the hut; but he did not enter, as

the men he was in search of chanced to be outside—the mulatto lying stretched along the ground, and the zambo swinging in a hammock between two trees, according to the custom of his native country—the coast lands of the *tierra caliente*.

The aspect of these men, that would have been displeasing to almost any one else, satisfied Roblado. They were just the men for his work. He had seen both before, but had never scrutinised them till now; and, as he glanced at their bold swarth faces and brawny muscular frames, he thought to himself, "These are just the fellows to deal with the cibolero." A formidable pair they looked. Each one of them, so far as appearance went, might with safety assail an antagonist like the cibolero—for either of them was bigger and bulkier than he.

The mulatto was the taller of the two.

He was also superior in strength, courage, and sagacity. A more unamiable countenance it would have been difficult to meet in all that land, without appealing to that of the zambo. There you found its parallel.

The skin of the former was dull yellow in colour, with a thin beard over the cheeks and around the lips. The lips were negro-like, thick, and purplish, and behind them appeared a double row of large wolfish teeth. The eyes were sunken—their whites mottled with yellowish flakes. Heavy dark brows shadowed them, standing far apart, separated by the broad flattish nose, the nostrils of which stood so widely open as to cause a protuberance on each side. Large ears were hidden under a thick frizzled shock that partook of the character both of hair and wool. Over this was bound, turban fashion, an old check Madras kerchief that had not come in contact

with soap for many a day; and from under its folds, the woolly hair straggled down over the forehead so as to add to the wild and fierce expression of the face. It was a countenance that proclaimed ferocity, reckless daring, cunning, and an utter absence of all humane sentiment.

The dress of the man had little in it differing from others who lead the life of a prairie-hunter. It was a mixture of leather and blanket. The head-dress only was peculiar. That was an old souvenir of the Southern States and their negro life.

The zambo had a face as ferocious in its expression as that of his confrère. It differed in colour. It was a coppery black—combining the hues of both races from whom he derived his origin. He had the thick lips and retreating forehead of the negro, but the Indian showed itself in his hair, which

scarcely waved, but hung in long snaky tresses about his neck and shoulders. He was altogether less distinguished-looking than his comrade the mulatto. His dress partook of the character of his tribe—wide trousers of coarse cotton stuff, with a sleeveless shirt of the same material,—a waist scarf, and coarse serapé. Half the upper part of his body was nude, and his thick copper-coloured arms were quite bare.

Roblado arrived just in time to witness the *finale* of an incident, that would serve to illustrate the character of the zambo.

He was half sitting, half lying in his hammock, in the enjoyment of a husk cigar, and occasionally striking at the flies with his rawhide whip. He called out to one of the women—his wife, for the time,—

"Niña! I want to eat something—is the *guisado* ready?"

"Not yet," answered a voice from the hut.

"Bring me a tortilla then, with chilé colorado."

"*Querido*—you know there is no chilé colorado in the house," was the reply.

"Niña! come here! I want you."

The woman came out, and approached the hammock, but evidently with some mistrust.

The zambo sat perfectly silent until she was close enough for his purpose, and then suddenly raising the rawhide, which he had hitherto held behind him, he laid it with all his strength over her back and shoulders. A thin chemisette was all that intervened to hinder the full severity of the blows, and these fell thick and fast, until the sufferer took courage and retreated out of reach!

"Now, Niña, dear love! the next time I call for a tortilla with chilé colorado you'll have it—won't you, dear pet?"

And then laying himself back in his hammock, the savage uttered a roar of laughter, in which he was joined by the mulatto, who would have done just the same by his better half for a like provocation !

It was just at this crisis Roblado pulled up in front of the hovel.

Both got to their feet to receive him, and both saluted him with a gesture of respect. They knew who he was. The mulatto, as the principal man, took the principal part in the conversation, while the zambo hung in the back-ground.

The dialogue was carried on in a low tone on account of the women and the boy Esteban. It resulted, however, in the hunters being engaged, as the padré had suggested, to track and follow the cibolero Carlos to death or capture. If the former, a large sum was to

be their reward—if the latter, a sum still larger—nearly double!

With regard to assistance from the troops, neither mulatto nor zambo wished for any. Quite the contrary. They had no desire that the magnificent bounty should be diminished by subdivision. As it stood, it would be a small fortune to both of them, and the brilliant prospect whetted their appetite for the success of the job.

His errand having been thus accomplished, the officer rode back to the Presidio; while the man-hunters immediately set about making preparations for their expedition.

CHAPTER III.

The mulatto and zambo,—Manuel and Pepe were their respective names—in half-an-hour after, were ready for the road. Their preparations did not cost them half that time; but a quarter of an hour was spent on the *guisado*, and each smoked a husk cigarrito, while their horses were grinding up the half-dozen heads of green maize that had been thrown them.

Having finished their cigars, the hunters leaped into their saddles, and rode off.

The mulatto was armed with a long rifle, of the kind used by American hunters, and

a knife of the sort, since known as a "Bowie," with a strong thick blade keenly pointed and double-edged for some inches from the point—a terrible weapon in close combat. These arms he had brought with him from the Mississippi valley, where he had learnt how to use them.

The zambo carried an escopeta strapped in a slanting direction along the flap of his saddle, a "macheté" upon his thigh, and a bow with a quiver of arrows hung over his back. The last of these weapons — for certain purposes, such as killing game, or when a silent shot may be desirable — is preferred to any sort of fire-arms. Arrows can be delivered more rapidly than bullets, and, should the first shot fail, the intended victim is less likely to be made aware of the presence of his enemy.

In addition to these weapons, both had

pistols stuck in their belts, and lazos hanging coiled from their saddle-bows.

Behind them on the croup each carried his provisions—a few strips of tasajo with some cold tortillas tied in a piece of buck-skin. A double-headed calabash for water, with sundry horns, pouches, and bags, completed their equipment. A pair of huge gaunt dogs trotted behind their horses' heels, fierce and savage-looking as their masters. One was the wolf-dog of the country, the other a Spanish bloodhound.

"What road, Man'l?" inquired the zambo as they parted from the hut; "straight down to the Pecos?"

"No, Pepe boy; must climb, go round. Seen making down valley, somebody guess what we 're after—send *him* word we 're coming. He suspect—we not grow rich so easily. No—must get up by

old track—cross to dry gully—down that to Pecos. Take longer—make things surer, boy Pepe."

"Carrambo!" exclaimed Pepe. "It 's a murderous climb. My poor beast 's so jaded with the buffalo running, that he 'll scarce get up. *Carrai!*"

After a short ride through the thicket and along the bottom of the cliffs, they arrived at a point where a ravine sloped to the upper plain. Up the bottom of this ravine was a difficult pass—difficult on account of its steepness. Any other horses, than mountain-reared mustangs, would have refused it, but these can climb like cats. Even the dogs could scarcely crawl up this ascent. In spite of its almost vertical slope, the hunters dismounted, crawled up, and, pulling their horses after them, soon reached the table-land above.

After breathing themselves and their animals, they once more got astride, and, heading northward, rode rapidly off over the plain.

"Now, boy Pepe," muttered the mulatto, "chance meet any sheep-keepers, going after antelope; you hear?"

"Aye, Man'l; I understand."

These were the last words exchanged between them for ten miles. They rode in file —the mulatto in the lead, the zambo in his tracks, and the dogs following in the rear. These two went also in file, the bloodhound heading the wolf.

At the end of ten miles they reached a dry river channel, that ran transversely across their route. It was the same which Carlos and his party had followed on the day of their escape after the affair at the Presidio. The hunters entered it, and turning down-

ward, as Carlos had done, followed it to its mouth upon the banks of the Pecos. Here was a grove of timber, which they entered, and, having dismounted, tied their horses to the trees. These animals, though lately arrived from a long journey, and now having passed over more than thirty miles at a brisk rate, showed no symptoms of being done up. Lean though they were, they possessed the tough wiry strength of their race, and either of them could have gone another hundred miles without breaking down.

This their masters well knew, else they would have gone upon their man-hunt with less confidence of success.

"May gallop away on his fine black," remarked the mulatto, as he glanced at the mustangs. "Soon overhaul him again — won't we, boy Pepe?"

"*Chinga!* we will."

"Brace of hacks tire out racer,—won't they, boy Pepe?"

"*Chingara!* So they will, Man'l."

"Don't want to try that game though—do the job easier; won't we, boy Pepe?"

"I hope so, Man'l."

"Cibolero in the cave sure—stays there—no better place for him. Won't be caught sleeping,—troopers never follow him up the pass. Convenient to valley. Goes back and forward spite of spies. Tracks could lead nowhere else—sure in the cave, horse and all. When? that the trouble, boy Pepe."

"*Es verdad!* if we knew when he was in, or when he was out, either."

"Aye, knew that, no difficulty,—set our trap easy enough, boy Pepe."

"He must surely be there in daytime?"

"Just been thinking—goes to the settlements—must be by night, that's clear—goes there, boy Pepe,—maybe not to rancho, somewhere near. Must go to meet Anton. Not like Anton meet him at cave—güero too sharp for that—goes out to meet Anton, sure!"

"Might we not track Anton?"

"Might track Anton—no good that—would have to deal with both together. Besides, don't want kill Anton—no ill-will to Anton—make things worse if find Anton with him. Never do, boy Pepe—have hands full with güero himself—plenty do capture him. Must not forget capture—not kill—leave that to them. No use track Anton—know where t'other keeps. If didn't know that, then might track Anton."

"Can't we get near the cave in daylight, Man'l? I don't have a good memory of the place."

"Mile — no nearer — unless he sleep — when sleep? Tell me that, boy Pepe!"

"And suppose he be awake?"

"See us enter the cañon, mile off—jump into saddle, pass up to plain above—maybe three days before find him again — maybe not find at all, boy Pepe."

"Well, brother Man'l—I have a plan. Let us get near the mouth of the cañon, and hide outside of it till night — then as soon as it is dark creep into where it narrows. He will come down that way to go out. What then? we can have a shot at him as he passes!"

"Pooh, boy Pepe! Think lose chance of half reward—risk whole by shot in dark? Dam! no—have whole or none—set us

up for life—take him alive, take him alive, sure."

"Well then," rejoined the zambo, "let him pass out of the cañon, and when he's gone clear out of reach, we can go up, get into the cave, and wait his return. What say you to that?"

"Talk sense now, boy Pepe—something like plan about that—what we do—but not go inside cañon till güero clear away. Only near enough see him go out, then for cave—right plan to take him. Sun near down, time we start—come!"

"*Vamos!*"

Both mounted, and rode forward to the bank of the river. There was no ford at the spot, but what of that? With scarce a moment's delay, they plunged their horses into the stream, and swam across. The dogs followed their example, and all came out

dripping on the opposite bank. The evening was chill, but what was heat or cold to such men? Nothing signified their wet clothes to them; and without halting they rode straight forward to the ceja of the Llano Estacado, and having reached it turned to the right, and rode along the base of the bluffs.

After following the line of the ceja for two or three miles they approached a spur of the cliff that ran out into the plain, and gradually tapered to a point, sinking lower as it receded from the Llano. It ended in a clump, or rather several clusters of isolated rocks, and boulders, that stood near each other. The place was not timbered, but the dark rocks irregularly piled upon each other gave it a shaggy appearance; and among their crevices, and the spaces between them, was ample room for even a large

party, both of men and horses, to lie concealed.

The end of this rocky promontory was the point towards which the mulatto was steering. It formed one side of the ravine in which lay the cave, while another similar ridge bounded the ravine on its southern side. Between them a deep bay indented the cliff, from which a narrow difficult pass opened up to the high plain above. It was the same ravine in which the cattle of the young ranchero Don Juan had been slaughtered! These were no longer to be seen, but their bones were still visible, scattered over the plain, and already bleached white. The wolves, vultures, and bears, had prepared them for that.

The man-hunters at length reached their destination; and, having led their horses in among the loose boulders, fastened them

securely. They then crept up through crevices in the rocks, until they had reached the crest of the ridge From this point they commanded a view of the whole mouth of the land-bay, about three hundred yards in width, so that no object, such as a man or horse, could pass out or in without their observing it—unless the night should chance to be very dark indeed. But they expected moonlight, by the help of which not even a cat could enter the ravine without their seeing it.

Having found a spot to their liking they lay down, with their bodies concealed from any one who might be passing on the plain below either in front of or behind them. Their horses were already hidden among the large masses of rock.

To the minds of both their purposed plan of action was clearly understood. They had their reasons for believing that the

cibolero, during his period of outlawry, was dwelling in a cave that opened into this ravine, and which was well known to the mulatto—that Carlos came out in the night, and approached the settlements, the place was but ten miles from his own rancho—and that he was met somewhere by Antonio, who gave him information of what was going on, bringing him provisions at the same time.

It was their intention to wait until Carlos should pass out, then occupy the cave themselves, and attack him on his return. True they might have waylaid him on his going forth, but that might result in a failure. Catch him they could not while mounted. They might have crept near enough to get a shot at him; but, as the mulatto had said, that would have risked their losing him altogether.

Moreover, neither wanted to take only his

scalp. The mulatto in particular had resolved on earning the double price by *taking him alive*. Even though it cost them some additional risk, his capture would doubly reward them, and for money these desperadoes were ready to venture anything. Withal, they were not so daring as to have cared for an open encounter. They knew something of the mettle of "el güero," but they trusted to the advantage they should obtain over him by stratagem. On starting out, they had resolved to follow him up, and steal upon him when asleep—and the plan which they had now formed had been the result of cogitations by the way. In Manuel's mind it had been developed long before the suggestion of the zambo.

They rested their hopes upon the belief that their victim would not know that *they* were after him—he could not have heard of their

return from the buffalo-hunt, and therefore would be less on the alert. They knew if Carlos became aware that they were upon his trail he would pursue a very different course from that observed towards his soldier-pursuers. From these he could easily hide at any time upon the Llano Estacado, but it was different with men like the hunters, who, though they might not overtake him at the first burst, could follow on and find him again wherever he should ride to.

But both mulatto and zambo believed that their presence would be unsuspected by the güero, until they had laid hands upon him. Hence their confidence of success.

They certainly had taken measures that promised it—supposing their hypothesis to be correct—that is, supposing the cibolero to be in the cave at that moment,

and that during the night he should come out of the ravine.

They were soon to know—the sun had already gone down. They would not have long to watch.

CHAPTER IV.

CARLOS *was* in the cave, and at that very moment. Ever since the affair at the Presidio he had made it his dwelling, his "lair," and for reasons very similar to those which the mulatto had imparted to his companion. It afforded him a safe retreat, and at a convenient distance from his friends in the valley. Out of the ravine he could pass with safety by night, returning before day. During the day he slept. He had little fear of being tracked thither by the troopers; but even had they done so, his cave entrance commanded a full view of the ravine, to its mouth at nearly a

mile's distance, and any one approaching from that direction could be perceived long before they were near. If a force of troopers should enter by the mouth of the ravine, though both sides were inaccessible cliffs, the cibolero had his way of escape. As already stated, a narrow pass, steep and difficult, led from the upper end of the gully to the plain above. Steep and difficult as it was, it could be scaled by the black horse; and, once on the wide plain of the Llano Estacado, Carlos could laugh at his soldier-pursuers.

The only time his enemies could have reached him would be during his hours of sleep, or after darkness had fallen. But Carlos was not afraid even then. He went to sleep with as much unconcern as if he had been surrounded by a body-guard! This is explained by a knowledge of the

fact that he *had* his guard—a faithful guard —the dog Cibolo—for although Cibolo had received some lance-thrusts in his last terrible encounter, he had escaped without any fatal wound. He was still by the side of his master. While the latter slept the sagacious animal sat upon the ledge, and watched the ravine below. The sight of a soldier's uniform would have raised the hair along Cibolo's back, and drawn from him the warning growl. Even in the darkness no one could have got within several hundred yards of the cave without attracting the notice of the dog, who would have given his master time to get off from the most rapid pursuers.

The cave was a large one, large enough to hold both men and horses. Water, pure crystal water, dripped from the rocks near its inner end, and lay collected in a tank, that from its round bowl-like shape seemed to have

been fashioned by the hand of man. But it was not so. Nature had formed this bowl and filled it with choicest water. Such a formation is by no means uncommon in that region. Caves containing similar tanks exist in the Waco and Guadalupe Mountains lying still farther to the south.

It was just the spot for a hiding-place—a refuge for either robber, outlaw, or other fugitive—and circumstanced as Carlos was it was the very dwelling for him. He had long known of its existence, and he shared that knowledge only with hunters like himself and the wild Indians. No settlers of the valley ever ventured up that dark and dismal ravine.

In his lair Carlos had ample time for reflection, and bitter often were his reflections. He had information of all that passed. Antonio managed that. Nightly did he meet Antonio at a point on the Pecos, and receive

from him the "novedades" of the settlement. The cunning mulatto had guessed correctly. Had Antonio brought his news direct to the cave, he might have been followed, and the hiding-place of Carlos have been thus discovered. To prevent that the cibolero nightly went forth to meet him.

Antonio, in collecting the news of the settlement, found in the young girl Josefa an able adjutant. Through her he learnt that Catalina de Cruces was kept under lock and key—that Roblado had only been wounded, and would recover — that new officers went out with the scouting parties— and that his master's head had risen in price. The shallow artifice of the spies around the rancho had long been known to Carlos. Shallow as it was, it greatly annoyed him, as by these he was prevented from visiting his mother and sister. Through Antonio,

however, he kept up almost daily communication with them. He might have been apprehensive in regard to his sister, after what had occurred, but the villain Vizcarra was an invalid, and Carlos rightly judged why Rosita was permitted to go unmolested. He had little fear for her—at least for a time—and ere that time expired he should bear her away, far out of the reach of such a danger.

It was for that opportunity he was now waiting. With all the vigilance of his foes, he had no fear but that he could *steal* his own mother and sister almost at any time. But another was to be the companion of their flight—another dear as they, and far more closely guarded!

For her only did he risk life daily—for her only did he sit hour after hour in that lone cave brooding over plans, and forming schemes of desperate peril.

Kept under lock and key—closely watched from morn to night, and night till morning —how was she to be rescued from such a situation?—This was the problem upon which his mind now dwelt.

She had given him the assurance of her willingness to go. Oh! why had he not proposed instant flight? Why did he neglect that golden moment? Why should either have thought of delay? That delay had been fatal—might retard their purpose for months, for years—perhaps for ever!

But little cared Carlos for the anger of his enemies—little for the contempt in which he was held throughout the settlement —she alone was his care—his constant solicitude. His waking hours were all given to that one thought—how he would rescue, not himself, but his mistress.

No wonder he looked anxiously for the

night—no wonder he rode with impatient eagerness towards that lone rendezvous on the Pecos.

Night had come again; and, leading his horse down the slope in front of the cave, he mounted, and rode off toward the mouth of the cañon. The dog Cibolo trotted in advance of him.

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CHAPTER V.

The man-hunters had not long to wait. They had anticipated this. There was a moon which they had also expected. It was a bright moon at intervals, and then obscured—for minutes at a time—by the passage of dark clouds over the canopy.

There was no wind, however, and the air was perfectly still. The slightest noise could have been heard for a long distance in the atmosphere of that elevated region—so pure and light that it vibrated afar with the slightest concussion.

Sounds were heard, but they were not made by either the dogs or horses of the

hunters—well trained to silence—nor by the hunters themselves. Both lay stretched in silence; or if they spoke, it was only in whispers and low mutterings.

The sounds were those of nature—such as it exists in that wild region. The "snort" of the grizzly bear from the rocky ledge—the howling bark of the coyoté—the "hoo-hoop" of the burrowing owl, and the shrill periodical cries of the bull-bat and goat-sucker. For a while these were the only sounds that fell upon the ears of the ambushed hunters.

Half-an-hour elapsed, and during all that time neither permitted their eyes or ears to rest for a moment They gazed up the ravine, and at intervals glanced outwards upon the plain. There was a probability that their victim might be abroad—even in the day—and with such men no probability was allowed

to pass without examination. Should it prove to be so, and he were to return at that time, it would frustrate the plan they had arranged. But for such a contingency the mulatto had conceived another—that was, to steal during the night, as near the cave as possible—within rifle-shot if he could—wait until the güero should make his appearance in the morning, and *wing* him with a bullet from his rifle—in the use of which weapon the yellow hunter was well skilled. To shoot the horse was another design. The horse once killed or crippled, the cibolero would be captured to a certainty; and both had made up their minds, in case a good opportunity offered, to despatch the noble animal.

These men knew a certain plan by which their victim could be killed or captured—that is, supposing they had been certain he

was in the cave—a plan which could scarce have failed. But yet, for reasons of their own, they would not adopt it.

It would have been simple enough to have conducted a party of dragoons to the head of the pass, and there have stationed them, while another party entered the cañon from below. As the sides of the ravine were impassable precipices, the retreat of the cibolero would have been thus cut off at both ends. True, to have reached the upper plain, without going through the ravine itself —and that, as we have seen, would have defeated such a plan—would have cost a journey to the troop to be stationed above. But neither Vizcarra nor Roblado would have grudged either the time or the men to have rendered success thus sure.

The mulatto and his dusky camarado knew all this perfectly, but to have caused

such a plan to be put in execution, was the last thought in their minds. Such a course would have been attended with but little peril to them, but it would have brought as little pay, for every trooper in the whole band would have claimed equal share in the promised reward. That would not be very satisfactory to the hunters, whose heads and knowledge had furnished the means and the ways.

Neither entertained any idea of following such a course. Both were confident in their ability to effect their object, without aid from any quarter.

From the time they had taken their station on the rock, half-an-hour was all they had to wait. At the end of that period, the quick ears of both caught the sound of some one coming from the direction of the ravine. They heard a horse's hoof

striking upon loose shingle, and the rattling of the displaced pebbles. A débris of broken fragments filled the bottom of the ravine, brought there during rain-torrents. Over this ran the path. A horseman was coming down it.

"The güero!" muttered the mulatto; "be sure, boy Pepe."

"Trust you for a guess, brother Man'l; you were right about the tracks we first fell in with. The cave's his hiding-place to a certainty. We'll have him sure when he comes back.—*Carrai!* yonder he comes!"

As the zambo spake, a tall dark form was perceived approaching down the ravine. By the moon gleaming upon it, they could make out the figure of a horse and rider. They had no longer any doubt it was their intended victim.

"Brother Man'l," whispered the zambo,

"suppose he passes near! why not bring down the horse—you can't miss in this fine light—both of us can aim at the horse—if we stop him we'll easily overtake the güero."

"Won't do, boy Pepe—not easily overtake güero a-foot. Get off among rocks—hide for days—can't track *him* a-foot—be on his guard after—give us trouble—old plan best—let pass—have him safe when he come back—have him sure."

"But, Man'l——"

"Dam! no need for buts—always in a hurry, boy Pepe—have patience—no buts, no fear. See, now!"

This last exclamation was intended to point out to Pepe that his suggestion, even though a wise one, could not have been carried out, as the horseman was not going to pass within range of either rifle or escopeta.

It was plain he was heading down the

middle of the cañon, keeping equally distant from the sides, and this course would carry him out into the open plain two hundred yards from the ambush of the hunters.

So did it, for in a few moments he was opposite the spot where they lay, and at full that distance from them. A shot from a hunter's rifle would not have reached him, and the bullet of an escopeta would have been an uncertain messenger. Neither thought of firing, but lay in perfect silence, firmly holding their dogs down in the crevice of the rocks, and by gestures enjoining them to be still.

The horseman advanced, guiding his horse at a slow pace, and evidently observing caution as he went. While passing, the moon shone full upon him, and the bright points of his harness and arms were seen sparkling under her light. His fair com-

plexion, too, could be distinguished easily, as also his fine erect figure, and the noble outlines of his horse.

"The güero!" muttered Manuel; "all right, boy Pepe!"

"What's yon ahead?" inquired the zambo.

"Ha! didn't notice that. Dam! a dog! dog, sure."

"It is a dog. *Malraya!*"

"Devil roast that dog!—heard of him before—splendid dog, boy Pepe. Dam! that dog give us trouble. Lucky, wind t'other way. Safe enough now. Dam! see!"

At this moment the horseman suddenly stopped, looking suspiciously in the direction of the rocky spur where they lay. The dog had given some sign.

"Dam!" again muttered the mulatto; "that dog give us trouble yet—thank our luck, wind t'other way."

There was not much wind either way, but what there was, was in the faces of the hunters, and blowing *from* the horseman. Fortunately for them it was so, else Cibolo would have scented them to a certainty.

Even as things stood, their ambush was near enough discovery. Some slight noise from that quarter—perhaps the hoof of one of their horses against the turf—had awakened the dog's suspicions—though nothing had been heard by his master. Neither was the dog sure—for the next moment he threw down his head and trotted on. The horseman followed, and in a few minutes both were out of sight.

"Now, boy Pepe, for the cave!"

"*Vamos!*"

Both descended from the ridge, and mounting their horses rode through among the scattered rocks. They entered the ravine,

kept up its edge until the gradual narrowing brought them into the same path by which the horseman had lately descended. Up this they rode, keeping their eyes bent on the cliff to the right—for on that side was the cave.

They had no fear of their tracks being discernible, even should the güero return by daylight, for the path lay over hard rock already marked by the hoofs of his own horse. For all that the mulatto was uneasy; and at intervals repeated half to himself, and half in the hearing of his companion,—

"Dam! dog give trouble, sure give trouble—dam!"

At length the mouth of the cave, like a dark spot upon the rock, appeared on one side. After silently dismounting, and leaving his horse with Pepe, the mulatto crawled up the ledge and reconnoitred the entrance.

Even the probability that some one might have been left there was not overlooked by this keen hunter, and every precaution was taken.

After listening a moment at the entrance he sent in the dogs, and as neither bark nor howl came out again, he was satisfied that all was safe. He then crawled in himself, keeping on the shadowy side of the rock. When he had got fairly within the cavern, he struck a light, at the same time shading it so that its gleam might not fall on the outside. With this he made a hurried examination of the interior; and, now satisfied that the place was untenanted, he came out again, and beckoned his comrade to bring up the horses.

These were led into the cave. Another reconnaissance was made, in which the few articles used by Carlos for eating and sleeping were discovered upon a dry ledge.

A serapé, a small hatchet for cutting firewood, an olla for cooking, two or three cups, some pieces of jerked meat and fragments of bread, were the contents of the cavern.

The best of these were appropriated by the intruders; and then, after fastening their horses in a secure corner and making themselves thoroughly acquainted with the shape and position of the rocky interior, the light was extinguished, and, like beasts of prey, they placed themselves in readiness to receive their unsuspecting victim.

CHAPTER VI.

Carlos, on leaving his cave, proceeded with the caution natural to one circumstanced as he was. But this night he was more than usually careful. He scanned every bush and rock that stood near his path, and that might have sheltered an enemy. Why to-night more cautious than before? Because a suspicion had crossed his mind—and that, too, having reference to the very men who were at the moment in ambush so near him!

At various times of late had his thoughts reverted to these men. He knew them well, and knew the hostile feelings with which

both, but particularly the mulatto, regarded him. He thought of the probability of their being set upon his trail, and he knew their capability to follow it. This had made him more uneasy than all the scouting of the dragoons with their unpractised leaders. He was aware that if the cunning mulatto and his scarce less sagacious comrade were sent after him, his cave would not shelter him long, and there would be an end to his easy communication with the settlement.

These thoughts were sources of uneasiness; and would have been still more so, had he not believed that the hunters were absent upon the plains. Under this belief he had hopes of being able to settle his affairs and get off before their return. That morning, however, his hopes had met with discouragement.

It was a little after daylight when

he returned to his hiding-place. Antonio, watched closely by the spies, had not been able to reach the rendezvous until a late hour,—hence the detention of Carlos. On going back to his cave he had crossed a fresh trail coming in from the northern end of the Llano Estacado. It was a trail of horses, mules, and dogs; and Carlos, on scrutinising it, soon acquainted himself with the number of each that had passed. He knew it was the exact number of these animals possessed by the yellow hunter and his comrade; and this startled him with the suspicion that it was the return trail of these men from their hunt upon the prairies!

A further examination quite assured him of the truth of this. The footprints of one of the dogs differed from the rest; and although a large one, it was not the track of the common wolf-dog of the country. He had

heard that the yellow hunter had lately become possessed of a large bloodhound. These must be *his* tracks!

Carlos rode along the trail to a point where it had crossed an old path of his own leading to the ravine. To his astonishment he perceived, that, from this point one of the horsemen, with several of the dogs, had turned off and followed his own tracks in that direction! No doubt the man had been trailing him. After going some distance, however, the latter had turned again and ridden back upon his former course.

Carlos would have traced this party farther, as he knew they must have passed on the evening before. But as it was now quite day, and their trail evidently led to the settlements, he dared not ride in that direction, and therefore returned to his hiding-place.

The incident had rendered him thoughtful and apprehensive throughout the whole of that day; and as he rode forth his reflections were upon this very subject—hence the caution of his movements.

As he emerged from the ravine, the dog, as stated, made a demonstration, by suddenly turning toward the rocks, and uttering a low growl. This caused Carlos to halt, and look carefully in that direction. But he could see nothing that appeared suspicious; and the dog, after a moment's pause, appeared satisfied and trotted on again.

"Some wild animal, perhaps," thought Carlos, as he set his horse in motion, and continued on over the plain.

When fairly out into the open ground, he quickened his pace; and after a ride of about six or seven miles arrived on the

banks of the Pecos. Here he turned downstream, and once more, riding with caution, approached a grove of low timber that grew upon the bank. This grove was the point of rendezvous.

When within a hundred yards of it, the cibolero halted upon the plain. The dog ran on before him, quartered the grove, and then returned to his master. The horseman then rode boldly in under the shadow of the trees, and, dismounting, took station upon one side of the timber, to watch for the coming of his expected messenger.

His vigil was not of long duration. In a few minutes a man on foot, bent into a crouching attitude, was seen rapidly advancing over the plain. When he had arrived within three hundred yards of the grove, he stopped in his tracks, and uttered

a low whistle. To this signal the cibolero replied, and the man again advancing as before, was soon within the shadow of the grove. It was Antonio.

"Were you followed, amigo?" asked Carlos.

"As usual, master; but I had no difficulty in throwing them off."

"Hereafter it may not be so easy."

"How, master?"

"I know your news—the yellow hunter has got back?"

"Carrambo! it is even so! How did you hear it, master?"

"This morning after you had left me, I crossed a trail—I knew it must be theirs."

"It was theirs, master. They came in last evening; but I have worse news than that."

"Worse!—what?

"They're after *you!*"

"Ha! already? I guessed that they would be, but not so soon. How know you, Anton?"

"Josefa—she has a brother who is a kind of errand-boy to Padré Joaquin. This morning the Padré took him over to the Presidio, and from there sent him to guide Captain Roblado to the yellow hunter's hut. The Padré threatened the boy if he should tell any one; but on his return to the mission he called on his mother; and Josefa, suspecting he had been on some strange errand—for he showed a piece of silver—got it all out of him. He couldn't tell what Roblado and the hunters talked about, but he fancied the latter were preparing to go somewhere as he left them. Now, putting one thing with another, I'm of the mind, master, they're on your trail."

"No doubt of it, amigo—I haven't the

slightest doubt of it. So—I'll be chased out of my cave—that's certain. I believe they have a suspicion of where I am already. Well, I must try to find another resting-place. 'Tis well I have got the wind of these rascals—they'll not catch me asleep, which no doubt they flatter themselves they're going to do. What other news?"

"Nothing particular. Josefa saw the girl Vicenza last night in company with José, but she has had no opportunity of getting a word with the Señorita, who is watched closely. She has some business with the portero's wife to-morrow. She hopes to hear something from her."

"Good Antonio!" said Carlos, dropping a piece of money into the other's hand, "give this to Josefa—tell her to be active. Our hopes rest entirely with her."

"Don't fear, master!" replied the half-blood. "Josefa will do her best, for the reason that," smiling, "*her* hopes, I believe, rest entirely upon *me*."

Carlos laughed at the *naïve* remark of his faithful companion, and then proceeded to inquire about other matters,—about his mother and sister, about the troopers, the spies, and Don Juan.

About the last Antonio could give him no information that was new. Don Juan had been arrested the day after the affair at the Presidio, and ever since had been kept a close prisoner. The charge against him was his having been an accomplice of Carlos, and his trial would take place whenever the latter should be captured.

Half-an-hour was spent in conversation, and then Carlos, having received from the

half-blood the packages containing provisions, prepared to return to his hiding-place in the Llano Estacado.

"You will meet me here to-morrow night again, Anton," said he at parting. "If anything should happen to prevent me coming, then look for me the night after, and the night after that. So *buenas noches, amigo!*"

"*Buenas noches, mi amo!*" ("Good night, master!")

And with this salutation the friends—for they were so—turned their backs on each other and parted.

Antonio went crouching back in the direction of the valley; while the cibolero, springing to his saddle, rode off toward the frowning bluffs of the Llano.

CHAPTER VII.

The "report" delivered by Antonio was of a character to have caused serious apprehension to the cibolero—fear, in fact, had he been the man to have such a feeling. It had the effect of still further increasing his caution, and his mind was now bent with all its energies upon the craft of taking care of himself.

Had he contemplated an open fight, even with the two strong men who were seeking him, he would have been less uneasy about the result; but he knew, that, strong as they were, these ruffians would not attack him without some advantage. They would make every effort to surprise him asleep, or other-

wise take him unawares. Against their wiles he had now to guard himself.

He rode slowly back to the ravine, his thoughts all the while busied about the yellow hunter and his companion.

"They must know of the cave," so ran his reflections. "Their following my trail yesterday is an evidence that they suspected something in the direction of the ravine. They had no doubt heard of late affairs before getting so far. Some *hatero* on the outer plains has told them all—very like; well, what then? They have hastened on to the mission. Ha! the Padré Joaquin took the boy over to the Presidio. I see—I see—the Padré is the 'patron' of these two ruffians. They have told him something, else why should he be off to the Presidio so early? News from them—and then Roblado starting directly after to

seek them! Clear—clear—they have discovered my hiding-place!"

After a pause :—

"What if they have reached the ravine in my absence? Let me see. Yes, they've had time enough to get round; that is, if they started soon after Roblado's interview. The boy thinks they did. By heaven! it's not too soon for me to be on the alert."

As this thought passed through the cibolero's mind, he reined up his horse; and, lowering his head, glanced along the neck of the animal into the darkness before him. He had now arrived at the mouth of the cañon, and nearly on the same track by which he had ridden out of it; but the moon was under thick clouds, and the gloom of the ravine was no longer relieved by her light.

"It would be their trick," reflected he,

"to get inside the cañon, at its narrow part, and wait for me to come out of the cave. They would waylay me pretty handy there. Now suppose they *are* up the cañon at this moment?"

For a moment he paused and dwelt upon this hypothesis. He proceeded again.

"Well, let them; I'll ride on. Cibolo can beat the rocks a shot's range ahead of me. If they're ambushed there without him finding them, they'll be sharper fellows than I take them to be; and I don't consider them flats, either, the scoundrels! If he start them, I can soon gallop back out of their reach. Here! Cibolo!"

The dog, that had stopped a few paces in front, now came running back, and looked up in his master's face. The latter gave him a sign, uttering the simple word "Anda!"

At the word the animal sprang off, and

commenced quartering the ground for a couple of hundred yards in advance.

Following him, the horseman moved forward.

In this way he approached the point where, the two walls converging, narrowed the cañon to a space of little more than a hundred yards. Along the bases of the cliffs, on both sides, lay large loose rocks, that would have given cover to men in ambush, and even horses might have been concealed behind them.

"This," thought Carlos, "would be the place chosen for their cowardly attack. They might hit me from either side with half an aim. But Cibolo makes no sign.—Ha!"

The last exclamation was uttered in a short sharp tone. It had been called forth by a low yelp from the dog. The animal had struck the trail where the yellow hunter and his companion had crossed to the middle of the

ravine. The moon had again emerged from the clouds, and Carlos could see the dog dashing swiftly along the pebbles and up the ravine towards the mouth of the cavern!

His master would have called him back, for he was leaving the loose rocks unsearched, and, without that being done, Carlos felt that it would be perilous to proceed farther; but the swiftness with which the dog had gone forward showed that he was on a fresh trail; and it now occurred to the cibolero that his enemies might be within the cave itself!

The thought had hardly crossed his mind when the dog uttered several successive yelps! Although he had got out of sight, his master knew that he was at that moment approaching the mouth of the cave, and running upon a fresh scent.

Carlos drew up his horse and listened. He dare proceed no farther. He dared not

recall the dog. His voice would have been heard if any one were near. He reflected that he could do no better than wait till the dog should return, or by his attack give some sign of what he was after. It might, after all, be the grizzly bear, or some other animal, he was pursuing.

The cibolero sat upon his horse in perfect silence—not unprepared though for any sudden attack. His true rifle lay across his thighs, and he had already looked to its flint and priming. He listened to every sound, while his eyes pierced the dark recesses of the ravine before and around him.

For only a few moments this uncertainty lasted, and then back down the chasm came a noise that caused the listener to start in his saddle. It resembled the worrying of dogs, and for a moment Carlos fancied that Cibolo had made his attack upon a bear! Only a

moment did this illusion last, for his quick ear soon detected the voices of more dogs than one; and in the fierce confusion he distinguished the deep-toned bark of a *bloodhound!*

The whole situation became clear to him at once. His enemies had been awaiting him in the cave—for from it he was certain that the sounds proceeded!

His first instinct was to wheel his horse and gallop out of the cañon. He waited a moment, however, and listened.

The worrying noise continued, but, amid the roar and barking of the dogs, Carlos could distinguish the voices of men, uttered in low hurried tones, as if addressing the dogs and also one another.

All at once the conflict appeared to cease, for the animals became silent, except the hound, who at intervals gave out his deep

loud bay. In a moment more he, too, was silent.

Carlos knew by this silence that Cibolo had either been killed upon the spot, or, having been attacked by men, had sheered off. In either case it would be of no use waiting his return. If alive, he knew that the dog would follow and overtake him. Without further delay, therefore, he turned his horse's head, and galloped back down the ravine.

CHAPTER VIII.

On arriving at the mouth of the ravine, he halted—not in the middle of the plain, but under the shadow of the rocks—the same rocks where the hunters had placed themselves in ambush. He did not dismount, but sat in his saddle, gazing up the cañon, and listening for some token of the expected pursuit.

He had not been long in this spot, when he perceived a dark object approaching him. It gave him joy, for he recognised Cibolo coming along his trail. The next moment the dog was by his stirrup. The cibolero bent down in his saddle, and perceived that

the poor brute was badly cut and bleeding profusely. Several gashes appeared along his sides, and one near his shoulder exhibited a flap of hanging skin, over which the red stream was pouring. The animal was evidently weak from loss of blood, and tottered in his tracks.

"Amigo!" said Carlos, "you have saved my life to a certainty. It's my turn to save yours—if I can."

As he said this he dismounted, and, taking the dog in his arms, climbed back into the saddle.

For a while he sat reflecting what to do, with his eyes turned in the direction from which he expected the pursuit.

He had now no doubt as to who were the occupants of the cave. The bay of the hound was satisfactory evidence of the presence of the yellow hunter, and of course the zambo was along with him. Carlos knew of

no other bloodhound in the settlement—the one heard must be that of the mulatto.

For some minutes he remained by the rocks, considering what course he had best take.

"I'll ride on to the grove," reflected he, "and hide in it till Antonio comes. They can't track me this night—it will be too dark. The whole sky is becoming clouded—there will be no more moon to-night. I can lie hid all day to-morrow, if they don't follow. If they do, why, I can see them far enough off to ride away. My poor Cibolo, how you bleed! Heavens, what a gash! Patience, brave friend! When we halt, your wounds shall be looked to. Yes! to the grove I'll go. They won't suspect me of taking that direction, as it is towards the settlements. Besides, they can't trail me in the darkness. Ha! what am I thinking of?—not trail me in

the darkness! What! I had forgotten the bloodhound! O God, preserve me! These fiends can follow me were it as dark as pitch! God preserve me!"

An anxious expression came over his countenance, and partly from the burden he held in his arms, and partly from the weight of his thoughts, he dropped into an attitude that betokened deep depression. For the first time the hunted outlaw showed symptoms of despair.

For a long while he remained with his head leaning forward, and his body bent over the neck of his horse.

But he had not yet yielded to despair.

All at once he started up, as if some thought, suddenly conceived, had given him hopes. A new resolution seemed to have been taken.

"Yes!" he soliloquised, "I shall go to the

grove—direct to the grove. Ha! you blood-thirsty yellow-skin, I'll try your boasted skill. We shall see—we shall see. Maybe you'll get your reward, but not that you are counting upon. You have yet something to do before you take the scalp of Carlos the cibolero!"

Muttering these words he turned his horse's head, renewed his hold of the dog and the bridle, and set off across the plain.

He rode at a rapid pace, and without casting a look behind him. He appeared to be in a hurry, though it could not be from fear of being overtaken. No one was likely to come up with him, so long as he kept on at such a pace.

He was silent, except now and then when he addressed some kind word to the dog Cibolo, whose blood ran over his thighs, and down the flanks of the horse. The poor

brute was weak, and could no longer have kept his feet.

"Patience, old friend! — patience! — you shall soon have rest from this jolting."

In less than an hour he had reached the lone grove on the Pecos — the same where he had lately parted with Antonio. Here he halted. It was the goal of his journey. Within that grove he had resolved on passing the remainder of the night, and, if not disturbed, the whole of the following day.

The Pecos at this point, and for many miles above and below, ran between low banks that rose vertically from the water. On both sides its "bottom" was a smooth plain, extending for miles back, where it stepped up to a higher level. It was nearly treeless. Scattered clumps grew at distant intervals, and along its margin a slight fringing of willows. This fringe was not continuous, but broken

here and there by gaps, through which the water might be seen. The timber clumps were composed of cotton-wood trees and live-oak, with acacias forming an underwood, and occasionally plants of cactus growing near.

These groves were so small, and so distant from each other, that they did not intercept the general view of the surface, and a person occupying one of them could see a horseman, or other large object, at a great distance. A man concealed in them could not have been approached by his enemy in daylight, if awake and watching. At night, of course, it was different, and the security then afforded depended upon the degree of darkness.

The "motte," at which the cibolero had arrived, was far apart from any of the others, and commanded a view of the river bottom on both sides for more than a mile's distance. The grove itself was but a few acres in size,

but the fringe of willows running along the stream at both ends gave it, when viewed from a distance, the appearance of a wood of larger dimensions. It stood upon the very bank of the stream, and the selvidge of willows looked like its prolongation. These, however, reached but a few feet from the water's edge, while the grove timber ran out several hundred yards into the plain.

About this grove there was a peculiarity. Its central part was not timbered, but open, and covered only with a smooth sward of gramma grass. It was, in fact, a glade, nearly circular in shape, and about a hundred yards in diameter. On one side of this glade the river impinged, its bank being almost a tangent line to it. Here there was a gap in the timber, so that out of the glade could be obtained a view of the bottom on the other side of the stream. Diametrically opposite to

this gap another opening, of an avenue-like form, led out into the adjacent plain, so that the grove was in reality bisected by an open line, which separated it into two groves, nearly equal in extent. This separation could only be observed from certain positions in the plain—one on each side of the river.

The glade, the avenue of a dozen yards leading from it to the outside plain, and the plain itself, were all perfectly level, and covered with a smooth turf. Any object upon their surface would be easily perceptible at a distance. The grove was thickly stocked with underwood—principally the smaller species of "mezquite." There was also a network of vines and llianas that, stretching upward, twined around the limbs of the live oaks—the latter forming the highest and largest timber of all. The underwood was impenetrable to the eye, though a hunter could have crept

through it in pursuit of game. At night, however, even under moonlight, it appeared a dark and impassable thicket.

On one side of the glade, where the ground was dry and sandy, there stood a small clump of *pitahaya* cactus. There were not over a dozen plants in all, but two or three of them were large specimens, sending up their soft succulent limbs nearly as high as the live oaks. Standing by themselves in massive columns, and so unlike the trees that surrounded them, they gave a peculiar character to the scene; and the eye, unaccustomed to these gigantic candelabra, would scarce have known to what kingdom of nature they belonged—so unlike were they to the ordinary forms of vegetation.

Such were the features of the spot where the hunted outlaw sought shelter for the night.

CHAPTER IX.

Carlos spoke the truth when he gave his dog the credit of having saved his life, or, at all events, his liberty, which in the end amounted to the same thing. But for the sagacious brute having preceded him, he would certainly have entered the cave, and as certainly would he have been captured.

His cunning adversaries had taken every step necessary for securing him. They had hidden their horses far back in the cavern. They had placed themselves behind the jutting rocks—one on each side of the entrance—so that the moment he should have shown himself

they were prepared to spring upon him like a brace of tigers.

Their dogs, too, were there to aid them—crouched by the side of their masters, and along with them, ready to seize upon the unsuspecting victim.

It was a well-planned ambuscade, and so far well executed. The secrecy with which the hunters had left the settlement, and made their roundabout journey—their adroit approach to the ravine—their patient behaviour in watching till Carlos had ridden out of the way, and their then taking possession of the cave, were all admirably executed manœuvres.

How was it possible the cibolero could be aware of, or even suspect, their presence? They did not for a moment fancy that he knew of their return from their hunting expedition. It was quite dark the night before, when they had passed up the valley to the mission; and after

unpacking the produce of their hunt, which had been done without observation, the Padré Joaquin had enjoined on them not to show themselves in the town before he should send them word. But few of the mission servants, then, knew of their return; and for the rest, no one knew anything who would or could have communicated it to Carlos. Therefore, reasoned they, he could have no suspicion of their being in the cave. As to their trail up the ravine he would not notice it on his return. He would only strike it where it led over the shingle, and, of course, there it would not be visible even in daylight.

Never was a trap better set. He would walk into the cave unsuspectingly, and perhaps leading his horse. They would spring upon him—dogs and all—and pinion him before he could draw either pistol or knife! There seemed no chance for him.

For all that there *was* a chance, as the yellow hunter well knew; and it was that which caused him at intervals to mutter,—

"Dam! fear dog give us trouble, boy Pepe."

To this the zambo's only response was the bitter shibboleth—"*Carajo!*" showing that both were uneasy about the dog. Long before this time both had heard of the fame of Cibolo, though neither had a full knowledge of the perfect training to which that sagacious animal had attained.

They reflected that, should the dog enter the cave first, they would be discovered by him, and warning given to his master. Should he enter it before the latter had got near, the chances were that their ambuscade would prove a failure. On the other hand, should the dog remain in the rear, all would go right. Even should he approach at the same time

with his master, so that the latter might get near without being alarmed, there would still be a chance of their rushing out upon and shooting either horse or rider.

Thus reasoned these two treacherous ruffians in the interim of the cibolero's absence.

They had not yet seated themselves in the positions they designed to take by the entrance of the cave. They could occupy these at a moment's warning. They stood under the shadow of the rocks, keeping watch down the ravine. They knew they might be a long time on their vigil, and they made themselves as comfortable as possible, by consuming the meagre stock of provisions which the cibolero had left in the cave. The mulatto, to keep out the cold, had thrown the newly appropriated blanket upon his shoulders. A gourd of chingarito, which they had taken care to bring with them,

enabled them to pass the time cheerfully enough. The only drawback upon their mirth was the thought of the dog Cibolo, which every now and again intruded itself upon the mind of the yellow hunter, as well as upon that of his darker confrère.

Their vigil was shorter than either had anticipated. They fancied that their intended victim might make a long ride of it—perhaps to the borders of the settlement—that he might have business that would detain him, and that it might be near morning before he would get back.

In the midst of these conjectures, and while it still wanted some hours of midnight, the mulatto, whose eyes were bent down the ravine, was seen suddenly to start, and grasp his companion by the sleeve.

"Look!—yonder, boy Pepe! Yonder come güero!"

The speaker pointed to a form approaching from the plain, and nearing the narrow part of the ravine. It was scarce visible by the uncertain light, and just possible to distinguish it as the form of a man on horseback.

"Carr-rr-a-ai! it is—carr-r-ai!" replied the zambo, after peering for some time through the darkness.

"Keep close in, boy Pepe! hwish! Pull back dog! take place—lie close—I watch outside—hwish!"

The zambo took his station according to the plan they had agreed upon; while the yellow hunter, bloodhound in hand, remained by the entrance of the cave. In a few moments the latter was seen to start up with a gesture of alarm.

"Dam!" he exclaimed. "Dam! told you so—all lost—ready, boy Pepe—dog on our trail!"

"Carajo, Man'l! what's to be done?" eagerly inquired the zambo.

"In—in—let come in—kill 'im in cave—in!"

Both rushed inside and stood waiting. They had hastily formed the design of seizing the cibolero's dog the moment he should enter the cave and strangling him if possible.

In this design they were disappointed; for the animal, on reaching the mouth of the cave, refused to enter, but stopped upon the ledge outside and commenced barking loudly.

The mulatto uttered a cry of disappointment, and, dropping the bloodhound, rushed forward, knife in hand, to attack Cibolo. At the same moment the hound sprang forward, and the two dogs became engaged in a desperate conflict. This would have terminated to the disadvantage of the hound, but, in another

moment, all four—mulatto, zambo, hound, and wolf—were assailing Cibolo both with knives and teeth. The latter, seeing himself thus overmatched, and having already received several bad cuts, prudently retreated among the rocks.

He was not followed, as the ruffians had still some hopes that the cibolero, not suspecting what it could mean, might yet advance towards the cave. But these hopes were of short duration. Next moment through the dim light they perceived the horseman wheel round, and gallop off towards the mouth of the ravine!

Exclamations of disappointment, profane ejaculations, and wild oaths, echoed for some minutes through the vaulted cavern.

The excited ruffians at length became more cool, and, groping about in the darkness, got hold of their horses, and led them out upon the ledge. Here they stopped

to give further vent to their chagrin, and to deliberate on their future course.

To attempt immediate pursuit would not avail them, as they well knew the cibolero would be many a mile out of their reach, before they could descend to the plain.

For a long time they continued to give utterance to expressions of chagrin, mingled with anathemas upon the head of the dog Cibolo. At length becoming tired of this, they once more set their heads to business.

The zambo was of opinion it would be useless to go farther that night—they had no chance of coming up with the cibolero before morning—in daylight they would more easily make out his trail.

"Boy Pepe, fool!" was the mulatto's reply to these observations. "Track by daylight—be seen—spoil all, fool Pepe!"

"Then what way, brother Man'l?"

"Dam! forgot bloodhound? Trail by night fast as ride—soon overtake güero."

"But, brother Man'l, he's not going to stop short of ten leagues from here! We can't come up with him to-night, can we?"

"Fool again, boy Pepe! Stop within ten miles—stop because won't think of bloodhound—won't think can trail 'im—stop, sure. Dam! that dog played devil—thought he would—dam!"

"Malraya! *he* won't trouble us any more."

"Why think that, boy Pepe?"

"Why, brother Man'l! because I had my blade into him. He'll not limp much farther, I warrant."

"Dam! wish could think so—if could think so, give double onza. But for dog have güero now. But for dog, get güero before sun

up. Stop soon—don't suspect us yet—don't suspect hound—stop, I say. By mighty God—sure!"

"How, brother Man'l? you think he'll not go far off?"

"Sure of it. Güero not ride far—nowhere to go—soon trail 'im—find 'im asleep—crawl on 'im but for dog—crawl on 'im, sure."

"If you think so then, I don't believe you need trouble yourself about the dog. If he lives twenty minutes after the stab I gave him, he's a tough brute, that's all. You find the güero, I promise you'll find no dog with him."

"Hope so, boy Pepe—try anyhow—Come!"

Saying this the yellow hunter straddled his horse, and followed by the zambo and the dogs commenced moving down the rocky channel of the ravine.

CHAPTER X.

Having arrived at the point where the horseman had been last seen, the mulatto dismounted, and called up the bloodhound. He addressed some words to the dog, and by a sign set him on the trail. The animal understood what was wanted, and, laying his nose to the ground, ran forward silently. The hunter again climbed back to his saddle, and both he and his companion spurred their horses so as to keep pace with the bloodhound.

This was easy enough, though the moon was no longer seen. The colour of the dog —a very light red—rendered him conspicuous

against the dark green sward, and there were neither bushes nor long grass to hide him. Moreover, by the instruction of his master, he moved slowly along the trail—although the scent was still fresh, and he could have gone at a much faster rate. He had been trained to track slowly in the night, and also to be silent about it, so that the "bay" peculiar to his race was not heard.

It was two hours, full time, before they came in sight of the grove where the cibolero had halted. The moment the mulatto saw the timber, he pointed to it, muttering to his companion:—

"See, boy Pepe! dog make for island—see! Bet onza güero there. Dam! there sure!"

When they had arrived within five or six hundred yards of the grove—it was still but dimly visible under the darkening sky—the yellow hunter called the dog off

the trail, and ordered him to keep behind. He knew that the horseman must have passed either into the grove or close beside it. In either case his trail could be easily taken up again. If—as the mulatto from his excited manner evidently believed—their victim was still in the grove, then the dog's sagacity was no longer needed. The time was come for them to take other measures.

Diverging from his forward course, the yellow hunter rode in a circle, keeping at about the same distance from the edge of the timber. He was followed by his companion and the dogs.

When opposite the gap made by the avenue, a bright blaze struck suddenly upon their eyes, causing both to rein up with an exclamation of surprise. They had arrived at a point commanding a view of the glade, in the centre of which they perceived a large fire!

"Told so, boy Pepe! fool's asleep yonder—never dream could trail him by night—don't like cold—good fire—believe safe enough. Know that glade—cunning place—only see fire from two points. Ha! yonder horse!"

The figure of a horse standing near the fire was plainly discernible under the light.

"Dam!" continued the hunter; "güero bigger fool than thought 'im. Mighty God, see! believe 'im sleep yonder! him, sure!"

As the mulatto uttered these words, he pointed to a dark form by the fire. It appeared to be the body of a man, prostrate and asleep.

"*Santissima*, it is!" replied the zambo. "Snug by the fire, too. He *is* a fool! but, sure enough, he could have no thought of our following him in a night so dark as this."

"Hwish, dam! dog not there, güero ours! No more talk, boy Pepe! follow me!"

The mulatto headed his horse, not direct for the grove, but for a point on the bank of the river some distance below. They rode silently, but now with more rapidity.

. Their victim was just where they would have wished him, and they were in a hurry to take advantage of his situation. The nature of the ground was well known to both, for they had shot deer from the cover of that very copse.

On arriving at the river bank, both dismounted; and having tied both their horses and dogs to the willows, they commenced moving forward in the direction of the grove.

They observed less caution than they might otherwise have done. They felt certain their victim was asleep by the fire. Fool, they thought him! but then how was he to have suspected their presence? The most cunning might have deemed himself

secure under such circumstances. It was natural enough that he had gone to sleep, wearied as no doubt he was. Natural, too, that he had kindled a fire. The night had become unpleasantly cold, and it would have been impossible to sleep without a fire. All that seemed natural enough.

They reached the edge of the grove, and without hesitation crawled into the underwood.

The night was still, the breeze scarce turned a leaf, and the slightest rustling among the bushes could have been heard in any part of the glade. A low murmur of water from a distant rapid, a light ripple in the nearer stream, the occasional howl of the prairie wolf, and the dismal wailing of night-birds, were the only sounds that fell upon the ear.

But although the man-stalkers were making their way through thick underwood, not a

sound betokened their advance. There was no rustling of leaves, no snapping of twigs, no crackling of dead sticks, under the pressure of hand or knee, no signs of human presence within that dark shrubbery. These men well knew how to thread the thicket. Silent, as the snake glides through the grass, was their advance.

In the glade reigned perfect silence. In its very centre blazed a large fire that lit up the whole surface with its brilliant flames. It was easy to distinguish the form of a fine steed—the steed of the cibolero—standing near the fire; and, nearer still, the prostrate form of his master, who seemed asleep! Yes, there were the manga, the sombrero, the botas and spurs. There was the lazo reaching from the neck of the horse, and, no doubt, wound around the arm of the sleeper! All these points could be determined at a glance.

The horse started, struck the ground with his hoof, and then stood still again!

What had he heard? Some wild beast moving near?

No, not a wild beast—worse than that.

Upon the southern edge of the glade a face looked out from the underwood—a human face! It remained but a moment, and was then drawn back behind the leaves. That face could easily have been recognised. Its yellow complexion, conspicuous under the glare of the blazing wood, told to whom it belonged. It was the face of Manuel the mulatto.

For some moments it remained behind the leafy screen. Then it was protruded as before, and close beside it another face of darker hue. Both were turned in the same direction. Both regarded the prostrate form by the fire, that still appeared to be sound asleep! The

eyes of both were gleaming with malignant triumph. Success seemed certain — their victim was at length within their power!

The faces were again withdrawn, and for a minute neither sound nor sight gave any indication of their presence. At the end of that minute, however, the head of the mulatto was again protruded, but this time at a different point, close to the surface of the ground, and where there was an opening in the underwood.

In a moment more his whole body was drawn through, and appeared in a recumbent position within the glade.

The head and body of the zambo followed; and both now glided silently over the grass in the direction of the sleeper. Flat upon their bellies, like a pair of huge lizards, they moved, one following in the other's trail!

The mulatto was in the advance. His

right hand grasped a long-bladed knife, while his gun was carried in the left.

They moved slowly and with great caution —though ready at any moment to spring forward should their victim awake, and become aware of their presence.

The unconscious sleeper lay between them and the fire. His form cast a shadow over the sward. Into this they crept, with the view of better concealment, and proceeded on.

At length the mulatto arrived within three feet of the prostrate body; and gathering himself he rose upon his knees with the intention of making a spring forward. The sudden erection of his body brought his face full into the light, and rendered it a conspicuous object. His time was come.

The whip-like crack of a rifle was heard, and at the same instant a stream of fire shot out from the leafy top of a live

oak that stood near the entrance of the avenue. The mulatto suddenly sprang to his feet, threw out his arms with a wild cry, staggered a pace or two, and, dropping both knife and gun, fell forward into the fire!

The zambo also leaped to his feet; and, believing the shot had come from the pretended sleeper, precipitated himself upon the latter, knife in hand, and drove his blade with desperate earnestness into the side of the prostrate form.

Almost on the instant he leaped back with a yell of terror; and, without stopping to assist his fallen comrade, rushed off over the glade, and disappeared into the underwood. The figure by the fire remained prostrate and motionless!

But at this moment a dark form was seen to descend through the branches of the live oak, whence the shot had come; a shrill

whistle rang through the glade; and the steed, dragging his lazo, galloped up under the tree.

A man, half-naked, and carrying a long rifle, dropped upon the horse's back; and the next instant both horse and man disappeared through the avenue, having gone off at full speed in the direction of the plain!

CHAPTER XI.

Who was he then who lay by the fire? Not Carlos the cibolero! It was his manga —his botas—his hat and spurs—his complete habiliments!

True, but Carlos was not in them. He it was, who, half-naked, had dropped from the tree, and galloped off upon the horse! A mystery!

Less than two hours before, we left him where he had arrived—upon the edge of the grove. How had he been employed since then? A knowledge of that will explain the mystery.

On reaching the grove, he had ridden

direct through the avenue, and into the glade, where he reined up his horse and dismounted. Cibolo was gently laid upon the soft grass, with a kind expression; but his wounds remained undressed for the present. His master had no time for that. He had other work to do, which would occupy him for the next hour.

With a slack bridle his horse was left to refresh himself on the sward, while Carlos proceeded to the execution of a design that had been matured in his mind during his long gallop.

His first act was to make a fire. The night had grown chill enough to give excuse for one. It was kindled near the centre of the glade. Dry logs and branches were found among the underwood, and these were brought forward and heaped upon the pile, until the flames blazed up, illuming

the glade to its very circumference. The huge pitahayas, gleaming in the red light, looked like columns of stone; and upon these the eyes of the cibolero were now turned.

Proceeding towards them, knife in hand, he commenced cutting through the stem of the largest, and its tall form was soon laid prostrate upon the grass. When down, he hewed both stem and branches into pieces of various length, and then dragged them up to the side of the fire. Surely he did not mean to add them to the pile! These green succulent masses would be more likely to subdue the flame than contribute to its brilliancy!

Carlos had no such intention. On the contrary, he placed the pieces several feet from the fire, arranging them in such a manner as to imitate, nearly as possible, the form and dimensions of a human body. Two cylindrical

pieces served for the thighs, and two more for the arms, and these were laid in the attitude that would naturally be adopted by a person in repose or asleep. The superior shoulder was represented by the "elbow" of the plant; and when the whole structure was covered over with the ample "manga" of the cibolero, it assumed a striking resemblance to the body of a man lying upon his side!

The head, lower limbs, and feet, were yet wanting to complete the design—for it *was* a design. These were soon supplied. A round clew of grass was formed; and this placed at a small distance from the shoulders, by means of a scarf and the cibolero's hat, was made to look like the thing for which it was intended—a human head. The hat was slouched over the ball of grass so as nearly to conceal it, and seemed

as if so placed to keep the dew or the musquitos from the face of the sleeper!

The lower limbs and feet only remained to be counterfeited. With these considerable pains had to be taken, since being nearest to the fire—according to the way in which hunters habitually sleep — they would be more exposed to observation than any other part.

All these points had been already considered by the cibolero; and, therefore, without stopping for a moment he proceeded to finish his work. His leathern "botas" were pulled off, and adjusted at a slight angle to the thighs of pitahaya, and in such a way that the rim of the ample cloak came down over their tops. The huge spurs were allowed to remain on the boots, and could be seen from a distance gleaming in the blaze of the fire.

A few more touches and the counterfeit was complete.

He that had made it now stepped back to the edge of the glade, and, passing around, examined it from different points. He appeared satisfied. Indeed, no one would have taken the figure for anything but that of a sleeping traveller who had lain down without taking off his spurs!

Carlos now returned to the fire, and uttering a low signal brought the horse up to his hand. He led the animal some paces out, and tightened the bridle-rein by knotting it over the horn of the saddle. This the well-trained steed knew to be a command for him to give over browsing, and stand still in that same place until released by the hand of his master, or by a well-known signal he had been taught to obey. The lazo fastened to the bitt-ring

was next uncoiled. One end of the rope was carried to the prostrate figure, and placed under the edge of the manga, as though the sleeper held it in his hand!

Once more the cibolero passed round the circumference of the glade, and surveyed the grouping in the centre. Again he appeared satisfied; and, re-entering the thicket, he brought out a fresh armful of dry wood and flung it on the fire.

He now raised his eyes, and appeared to scrutinise the trees that grew around the glade. His gaze rested upon a large live oak standing at the inner entrance of the avenue, and whose long horizontal limbs stretched over the open ground. The top branches of this tree were covered thickly with its evergreen frondage, and laced with vines and *tillandsia* formed a shady canopy. Besides being the tallest tree, it was the

most ample and umbrageous—in fact, the patriarch of the grove.

"'T will do," muttered Carlos, as he viewed it. "Thirty paces—about that—just the range. They'll not enter by the avenue—no—no danger of that, and if they did—but no—they'll come along the bank by the willows—yes, sure to do so—now for Cibolo."

He glanced for a moment at the dog, that was still lying where he had been placed.

"Poor fellow! he has had it in earnest. He'll carry the marks of their cowardly knives for the rest of his days. Well—he may live long enough to know that he has been avenged—yes! that may he. But what shall I do with him?"

After considering a minute, he continued:—

"Carrambo! I lose time. There's a half-hour gone, and if they've followed at all,

they'll be near by this time. Follow they can with their long-eared brute, and I hope he'll guide them true. What can I do with Cibolo? If I tie him at the root of the tree, he'll lie quiet enough, poor brute! But, then, suppose they should come this way? I don't imagine they will. I shouldn't if I were in their place; but suppose they should, the dog would be seen, and might lead them to suspect something wrong. They might take a fancy to glance up the tree, and then —— No, no, it won't do—something else must be done with Cibolo."

Here he approached the root of the live oak, and looked inquiringly up among its branches.

After a moment he seemed to be satisfied with his scrutiny. He had formed a new resolution.

"It will do," he muttered. "The dog

can lie upon those vines. I'll plait them a little for him, and cover them with moss."

Saying this he caught hold of the lower limbs, and sprang up into the tree.

After dragging down some of the creeping vines, he twined them between the forks of a branch, so as to form a little platform. He next tore off several bunches of the *tillandsia*, and placed it over the spot thus wattled.

When the platform was completed to his satisfaction, he leaped down again; and, taking the animal in his arms, carried him up to the tree and placed him gently upon the moss, where the dog lay quietly down.

To dispose of himself was the next consideration. That was a matter of easy accomplishment, and consisted in laying hold of his rifle, swinging his body back into the tree, and seating himself firmly among the branches.

He now arranged himself with care upon his seat. One branch, a stout one, supported his body, his feet rested upon another, while a third formed a stay for his arms. In a fork lay the barrel of his long rifle, the stock firmly grasped in his hands.

He looked with care to this weapon. Of course it was already loaded, but, lest the night-dew might have damped the priming, he threw up the pan-cover, with his thumb-nail scraped out the powder, and then poured in a fresh supply from his horn. This he adjusted with his picker, taking care that a portion of it should pass into the touch-hole, and communicate with the charge inside. The steel was then returned to its place, and the flint duly looked to. Its state of firmness was felt, its edge examined. Both appeared to be satisfactory, so the piece was

once more brought to its rest in the fork of the branch.

The cibolero was not the man to trust to blind chance. Like all of his calling, he believed in the wisdom of precautions. No wonder he adopted them so minutely in the present instance. The neglect of any one of them might be fatal to him. The flashing of that rifle might cost him his life! No wonder he was particular about the set of his flint, and the dryness of his powder.

The position he occupied was well chosen. It gave him a view of the whole glade, and no object as large as a cat could enter the opening without being seen by him.

Silently he sat gazing around the circle of green shrubbery—silently and anxiously—for the space of nearly an hour.

His patient vigil was at length rewarded.

He saw the yellow face as it peered from the underwood, and for a moment hesitated about firing at it then. He had even taken sight upon it, when it was drawn back!

A little longer he waited—till the mulatto, rising to his knees, offered his face full in the blazing light. At that moment his finger pressed the trigger, and his unerring bullet passed through the brain of his treacherous foeman!

CHAPTER XII.

The zambo had disappeared in the underwood almost at the same instant that Carlos had mounted and galloped out through the avenue. Not a living creature remained in the glade.

The huge body lay with arms outstretched, one of them actually across the blazing pile! Its weight, pressing down the faggots, half-obscured their light. Enough there was to exhibit the ghastly face mottled with washes of crimson. There was no motion in either body or limbs — no more than in that of the counterfeit form that was near. Dead was the yellow hunter — dead! The hot flame that licked his arm, preparing to devour it, gave him no pain. Fire stirs not the dead!

Where were the others? They had gone off in directions nearly opposite! Were they flying from each other?

The zambo had gone back in the same direction whence he had come. He had gone in a very different manner though. After disappearing behind the leafy screen, he had not halted, but rushed on like one terrified beyond the power of controlling himself. The cracking of dead sticks, and the loud rustling among the bushes, told that he was pressing through the grove in headlong flight. These noises had ceased—so, too, the echo of hoofs which for a while came back from the galloping horse of the cibolero.

Where were they now—zambo and cibolero? Had they fled from each other? It would have seemed so from the relative directions in which they had gone.

It was not so in reality. Whatever desire the zambo might have felt to get away from that spot, his antagonist had no such design. The latter had galloped out of the glade, but not in flight.

He knew the zambo well enough to tell that his courage was now gone. The sudden loss of his comrade, and under such mysterious circumstances, had terrified the black, and would paralyse him almost beyond the power of resistance. He would think of nothing else but making his escape. Carlos knew that.

The quick intellect of the latter had taught him whence his enemies had come—from the lower or southern side of the grove. He had, indeed, been looking for them in that direction, and while scrutinising the underwood, had given most attention to that edge

of the glade lying to the south. He conjectured that *they* would deem this the safest way to approach him, and his conjectures proved true.

Their horses would be left at some distance off, lest the stroke of their hoofs might alarm him. This, too, was his conjecture, and a just one. Still another, also just, was that the zambo was now making for the horses! This last occurred to Carlos as he saw the other rushing off into the underwood.

Just what the zambo was doing. Seeing his leader fall so mysteriously, he thought no longer of an encounter. Flight was his only impulse. To get back to the horses, mount and ride off, his one purpose. He had hopes that Carlos would not hastily follow—that he might escape under cover of the darkness.

He was mistaken. It was just to defeat

this purpose that Carlos had galloped forth. He, too, was resolved to make for the horses!

Once in the open plain, he wheeled to the right, and rode round the grove. On reaching a point where he could command a view of the river he reined up. His object in doing so was to reload his rifle.

He threw the piece into a vertical position, at the same time groping for his powder-horn. To his surprise he could not get his hands upon it, and on looking down he saw that it was gone! The strap by which it had been suspended was no longer over his shoulders. It had been caught upon a branch, and lifted off as he had leaped from the tree!

Annoyed with this misfortune, he was about turning his horse to hurry back to the live oak, when his eye fell upon a dark figure gliding over the plain, and close in to the

fringe of willows by the river. Of course it was the fleeing zambo—there could be no doubt of that.

Carlos hesitated. Should he return for the powder-horn, and then waste time in reloading, the zambo might escape. He would soon reach the horses, and mount. Had it been day Carlos could easily have overtaken him, but not so under the night darkness. Five hundred yards' start would have carried him safe out of sight.

The cibolero was full of anxiety. He had ample reasons to wish that this man should die. Prudence as well as a natural feeling of revenge prompted this wish. The cowardly manner in which these hired ruffians had dogged him had awakened his vengeance. Besides, while either lived, the outlaw knew he would have a dangerous enemy. The zambo must not escape!

It was but for a moment that Carlos hesitated. Should he wait to reload his rifle the other would get off. This reflection decided him. He dropped the piece to the ground, turned his horse's head, and shot rapidly across the plain in the direction of the river. In a dozen seconds he reined up in front of his skulking foe.

The latter, seeing himself cut off from the horses, halted and stood at bay, as if determined to fight. But before Carlos could dismount to close with him, his heart once more gave way; and, breaking through the willows, he plunged into the river.

Carlos had not calculated upon this. He stood for some moments in a state of surprise and dismay. Would the fiend escape him? He had come to the ground. Whether should he mount again or follow on foot?

He was not long irresolute. He chose the

latter course, and, rushing through the willows where the other had passed, he paused a moment on the edge of the stream. Just then his enemy emerged upon the opposite bank, and, without a moment's halt, started off in full run across the plain. Again Carlos thought of following on horseback, but the banks were high,— a horse might find it difficult to ford at such a place,— perhaps impossible. There was no time to be lost in experiments.

"Surely," thought Carlos, "I am swift as he. For a trial then!"

And as he uttered the words he flung himself broad upon the water.

A few strokes carried him across the stream; and, climbing out on the opposite bank, he sprang after his retreating foe.

The zambo had by this time got full two

hundred yards in the advance, but before he had run two hundred more, there was not half that distance between them. There was no comparison in their speed. Carlos fairly doubled upon his terrified antagonist, although the latter was doing his utmost. He knew that he was running for his life.

Not ten minutes did the chase continue.

Carlos drew near. The zambo heard his footsteps close behind. He felt it was idle to run any longer. He halted, and once more stood at bay.

In another instant the two were face to face, within ten feet of each other!

Both were armed with large knives—their only weapons—and, dim as the light was, the blades of these could be seen glittering in the air.

The foes scarce waited to breathe them-

selves. A few angry exclamations passed between them; and then, rushing upon each other, they clutched in earnest conflict!

It was a short conflict. A dozen seconds would have covered its whole duration. For a while the bodies of the combatants seemed turned around each other, and one of them fell heavily upon the plain. A groan was uttered. It was in the voice of the zambo. It was he who had fallen!

The prostrate form wriggled for a moment over the ground—it half rose and fell again—then writhed for a few seconds longer, and then lay still in death!

The cibolero bent over it to be assured of this. Death was written upon the hideous face. The marks were unmistakeable. The victor no longer doubted; and, turning away from the corpse, he walked back towards the river.

Having regained his rifle and powder-horn, and reloaded his gun, Carlos now proceeded to search for the horses.

These were soon found. A bullet was sent through the head of the bloodhound, and another through that of his more wolf-like companion, and the horses were then untied and set free.

This done, Carlos once more returned to the glade, and after lifting Cibolo down from his perch, he approached the fire, and gazed for a moment at the corpse of the yellow hunter. The flames were blazing more brightly than ever. These were fed by human flesh!

Turning in disgust from the sight, the cibolero collected his garments, and once more mounting into the saddle, rode off in the direction of the ravine.

CHAPTER XIII.

Three days had elapsed from the time that the yellow hunter and his companion had started on their expedition. Those who sent them were beginning to grow impatient for some news of them. They did not allow themselves to doubt of the zeal of their employees, —the reward would secure that,—and scarce did they doubt of their success. The latter seemed to all three, Roblado, Vizcarra, and the Padré, but a consequence of the former. Still they were impatient for some report from the hunters—if not of the actual capture, at least that the outlaw had been seen, or that they were upon his trail.

On reflection, however, both Padré and officers saw, that it would not be likely they should have any report before the hunters themselves came back, either with or without their captive.

"No doubt," suggested the monk, "they are after him every hour, and we shall hear nothing of them until they have laid hands upon the heretic rascal."

What a startling piece of news it was to this charming trio, when a *hatero* brought the information to the settlement, that he had seen two dead bodies upon the plain, which he recognised as those of the mission hunters —Manuel and Pepe!

His report was that he had seen them near a grove upon the Pecos, — that they were torn by the wolves and vultures—but that what still remained, of their dress and equipments, enabled him to make out who they were—for the hatero had chanced to

know these men personally. He was sure they were the mulatto and zambo, the hunters of the mission.

At first this "mysterious murder," as it was termed, could not be explained—except upon the supposition that the "Indios bravos" had done it. The people knew nothing of the duty upon which the hunters had been lately employed. Both were well enough known, though but little notice was taken of their movements, which lay generally beyond the observation of the citizen community. It was supposed they had been out upon one of their usual hunts, and had fallen in with a roving band of savages.

A party of dragoons, guided by the hatero, proceeded to the grove; and these returned with a very different version of the story.

They had ascertained beyond a doubt that both the hunters had been killed, not by

Indian arrows, but by the weapons of a white man. Furthermore, their horses had been left, while their dogs had been killed—the skeletons of the latter were found lying upon the bank of the river.

It could not have been Indians, then. They would have carried off the animals, both dogs and horses, and, moreover, would have stripped the dead of their equipments, which were of some value. Indians? No.

There was not much difficulty in deciding who had committed this murder. Where the skeletons of the dogs were found the ground was soft, and there were hoof-tracks that did not belong to the horses of the hunters. These were recognised by several. They were the tracks of the well-known horse of Carlos the cibolero.

Beyond a doubt Carlos had done the deed. It was known that he and the yellow hunter

had not been on friendly terms, but the contrary. They had met and quarrelled, then; or, what was more likely, Carlos had found the hunters asleep by their camp-fire, had stolen upon them, and thus effected his purpose. The mulatto had been shot dead at once, and had fallen into the fire, for part of the body was consumed to a cinder! His companion, attempting to make his escape, had been pursued and overtaken by the bloodthirsty outlaw!

New execrations were heaped upon the head of the devoted Carlos. Men crossed themselves and uttered either a prayer or a curse at the mention of his name; and mothers made use of it to fright their children into good behaviour. The name of Carlos the cibolero spread more terror than the rumour of an Indian invasion!

The belief in the supernatural became

strengthened. Scarce any one now doubted that the cibolero's mother was a witch, or that all these deeds performed by her son were the result of her aid and inspiration.

There was not the slightest hope that he would either be captured or killed. How could he? Who could bind the devil and bring him to punishment? No one any longer believed that he could be caught.

Some gravely proposed that his mother —the witch—should be taken up, and burnt. Until that was done, argued they, he would set all pursuit at defiance; but if she were put out of the world, the murderer might then be brought to justice!

It is probable enough that the counsels of these—and they were the majority of the inhabitants—would have prevailed; especially as they were openly approved of by the padrés of the mission—but before the public

mind became quite ripe for such a violent sacrifice, an event occurred which completely changed the current of affairs.

* * * * *

It was on the morning of a Sunday, and the people were just coming out of the church, when a horseman, covered with sweat and dust, galloped into the Plazza. His habiliments were those of a sergeant of dragoons; and all easily recognised the well-known lineaments of the sergeant Gomez.

In a few minutes he was surrounded by a crowd of idlers; who, although it was Sunday, were heard a few moments after breaking out into loud acclamations of joy. Hats were uptossed and *vivas* rent the air!

What news had Gomez announced? A rare bit of news—*the capture of the outlaw!*

It was true. Carlos had been taken, and was now a prisoner in the hands of the soldiers. He had been captured neither by strength nor stratagem. Treachery had done the work. He had been betrayed by one of his own people.

It was thus his capture had been effected. Despairing for the present of being able to communicate with Catalina, he had formed the resolution to remove his mother and sister from the valley. He had prepared a temporary home for them far off in the wilderness, where they would be secure from his enemies, while he himself could return at a better opportunity.

To effect their removal, watched as they were, he knew would be no easy matter. But he had taken his measures, and would have succeeded had it not been for treason. One of

his own people—a peon who had accompanied him in his last expedition—betrayed him to his vigilant foes.

Carlos was within the rancho making a few hasty preparations for the journey. He had left his horse hidden some distance off in the chapparal. Unfortunately for him, Cibolo was not there. The faithful dog had been laid up since his late encounter at the cave. To a peon had been assigned the duty that would otherwise have been intrusted to him—that of keeping watch without.

This wretch had been previously bought by Roblado and Vizcarra. The result was, that instead of acting as sentinel for his master, he hastened to warn his enemies. The rancho was surrounded by a troop; and, although several of his assailants were killed

by the hand of Carlos, he himself was finally overpowered and taken.

Gomez had not been five minutes in the Plazza, when a bugle was heard sounding the advance of a troop, which the next moment defiled into the open square. Near its middle was the prisoner, securely tied upon the back of a saddle-mule, and guarded by a double file of troopers.

An arrival of such interest was soon known, and the Plazza became filled with a crowd eager to gratify its curiosity by a sight of the notorious cibolero.

But he was not the only one upon whom the people gazed with curiosity. There were two other prisoners — one of whom was regarded with an interest equal to that felt at the sight of the outlaw himself. This prisoner was his *mother*. Upon her

the eyes of the multitude turned with an expression of awe mingled with indignation; while jeering and angry cries hailed her as she passed on her way to the *Calabozo*.

"*Muera la hechicera! Muera!*" (Death to the witch—let her die!) broke from ruffian lips as she was carried along.

Even the dishevelled hair and weeping eyes of her young companion—her daughter—failed to touch the hearts of that fanatical mob, and there were some who cried, "*Mueran los dos! madre y hija!*" (Let both die—mother and daughter!)

The guards had even to protect them from rude assault, as they were thrust hastily within the door of the prison!

Fortunately Carlos saw nought of this. *He was not even aware that they were prisoners!* He thought, perhaps, they had

been left unmolested in the rancho, and that the vengeance of his enemies extended no farther than to himself. He knew not the fiendish designs of his persecutors.

CHAPTER XIV.

The female prisoners remained in the Calabozo. Carlos, for better security, was carried on to the Presidio, and placed in the prison of the guard-house.

That night he received a visit. The Commandante and Roblado could not restrain their dastard spirits from indulging in the luxury of revenge. Having emptied their wine-cups, they, with a party of boon companions, entered the guard prison, and amused themselves by taunting the chained captive. Every insult was put upon him by his half-drunken visitors—every rudeness their ingenuity could devise.

For long all this was submitted to in

silence. A coarse jest from Vizcarra at length provoked reply. The reply alluded to the changed features of the latter, which so exasperated the brute, that he dashed, dagger in hand, upon the bound victim, and would have taken his life, but that Roblado and others held him back! He was only prevented from killing Carlos by his companions declaring that such a proceeding would rob them of their anticipated sport! This consideration alone restrained him; but he was not contented until with his fists he had inflicted several blows upon the face of the defenceless captive!

"Let the wretch live!" said Roblado. "To-morrow we shall have a fine spectacle for him!"

With this the inebriated gang staggered out, leaving the prisoner to reflect upon this promised "spectacle."

He did reflect upon it. That he was to be made a spectacle, he understood well enough. He had no hopes of mercy, either from civil or military judges. His death was to be the spectacle. All night long his soul was tortured with painful thoughts, not of himself, but about those far dearer to him than his own life.

Morning glanced through the narrow loophole of his gloomy cell. Nothing else—nought to eat, to drink—no word of consolation—no kind look from his ruffian gaolers. No friend to make inquiry about him—no sign that a single heart on earth cared for him.

Midday arrived. He was taken, or rather dragged, from his prison. Troops formed around, and carried him off. Where was he going? To execution?

His eyes were free. He saw himself taken to the town, and through the Plazza. There was an unusual concourse of people. The square was nearly filled, and the azoteas that commanded a view of it. All the inhabitants of the settlement seemed to be present in the the town. There were haciendados, rancheros, miners, and all. Why? Some grand event must have brought them together. They had the air of people who expected to witness an unusual scene. Perhaps the "spectacle" promised by Roblado! But what could that be? Did they intend to *torture* him in presence of the multitude? Such was not improbable.

The crowd jeered him as he passed. He was carried through their midst, and thrust into the Calabozo.

A rude *banqueta* along one side of his cell offered a resting-place. On this the wretched

man sank down into a lying posture. The fastenings on his arms and legs would not allow him to sit upright.

He was left alone. The soldiers who had conducted him went out, turning the key behind them. Their voices and the clink of their scabbards told him that some of them still remained by the door. Two of them had been left there as sentinels. The others sauntered off, and mingled with the crowd of civilians that filled the Plazza.

* * * * *

Carlos lay for some minutes without motion—almost without thought. His soul was overwhelmed with misery. For the first time in his life he felt himself yielding to despair.

The feeling was evanescent; and once more he began to reflect—not to hope—no! Hope, they say, dies but with life: but that is a paradox. He still lived, but hope had died.

Hope of escape there was none. He was too well guarded. His exasperated enemies, having experienced the difficulty of his capture, were not likely to leave him the slightest chance of escape. Hope of pardon — of mercy — it never entered his thoughts to entertain either.

But reflection returned.

It is natural for a captive to glance around the walls of his prison—to assure himself that he is really a prisoner. It is his first act when the bolt shoots from the lock, and he feels himself alone. Obedient to this impulse, the eye of Carlos was raised to the walls. His cell was not a dungeon — a small window, or embrasure, admitted light. It was high up, but Carlos saw that, by standing upon the banqueta, he could have looked out by it. He had no curiosity to do so, and he lay still. He saw that the walls of his prison were not

of stone. They were *adobe* bricks, and the embrasure enabled him to tell their thickness. There was no great strength in them either. A determined man, with an edge-tool and time to spare, could make his way through them easily enough. So Carlos reflected: but he reflected, as well, that he had neither the edge-tool nor the time. He was certain that in a few hours—perhaps minutes—he would be led from that prison to the scaffold.

Oh! he feared not death—not even torture, which he anticipated would be his lot. His torture was the thought of eternal separation from mother, sister, from the proud noble girl he loved—the thought that he would never again behold them—one or other of them—this was the torture that maddened his soul.

Could he not communicate with them?

Had he no friend to carry to them a last word?—to convey a dying thought? None!

The sunbeam that slanted across the cell was cut off at intervals, and the room darkened. Something half covered the embrasure without. It was the face of some idle lepero, who, curious to catch a glimpse of the captive, had caused himself to be hoisted upon the shoulders of his fellows. The embrasure was above the heads of the crowd. Carlos could hear their brutal jests, directed not only against himself, but against those dear to him —his mother and sister. While this pained him, he began to wonder that they should be so much the subject of the conversation. He could not tell what was said of them, but in the hum of voices their names repeatedly reached his ear.

He had lain about an hour on the banqueta, when the door opened, and the two

officers, Vizcarra and Roblado, stepped within the cell. They were accompanied by Gomez.

The prisoner believed that his hour was come. They were going to lead him forth to execution. He was wrong. That was not their design. Far different. They had come to gloat over his misery.

Their visit was to be a short one.

"Now, my brave!" began Roblado. "We promised you a spectacle to-day. We are men of our word. We come to admonish you that it is prepared, and about to come off. Mount upon that banqueta, and look out into the Plazza; you will have an excellent view of it; and as it is near you will need no glass! Up then! and don't lose time. You will see what you will see. Ha! ha! ha!"

And the speaker broke into a hoarse laugh, in which the Commandante, as well as the sergeant joined; and then all three,

without waiting for a reply, turned and went out, ordering the door to be locked behind them.

The visit, as well as Roblado's speech, astonished and puzzled Carlos. For some minutes he sat reflecting upon it. What could it mean? A *spectacle*, and he to be a *spectator?* What spectacle but that of his own execution? What could it mean?

For a time he sat endeavouring to make out the sense of Roblado's words. For a good while he pondered over the speech, until at length he had found, or thought he had found, the key to its meaning.

"Ha!" muttered he; "Don Juan—it is he! My poor friend! They have condemned him, too; and he is to die before me. That is what I am called upon to witness. Fiends! I shall not gratify them by looking at it. No! I shall remain where I am."

He threw himself once more prostrate along the banqueta, determined to remain in that position. He muttered at intervals :—

"Poor Don Juan!—a true friend—to death—aye, even to death, for it is for me he dies—for me, and —— oh! love—love——"

His reflections were brought to a sudden termination. The window was darkened by a face, and a rough voice called in :—

"Hola! Carlos, you butcher of buffaloes! look forth! *Carajo!* here's a sight for you! Look at your old witch of a mother! What a figure she cuts! Ha! ha!"

The sting of a poisonous reptile—a blow from an enemy—could not have roused Carlos more rapidly from his prostrate attitude. As he sprang to an upright position, the fastenings upon his ankles were forgotten; and, after staggering half across the floor, he came down upon his knees.

A second effort was made with more caution, and this time he succeeded in keeping his feet. A few moments sufficed for him to work himself up to the banqueta; and, having mounted this, he applied his face to the embrasure and looked forth.

His eyes rested upon a scene that caused the blood to curdle in his veins, and startled the sweat in bead-drops over his forehead. A scene that filled his heart with horror, that caused him to feel as if some hand was clutching and compressing it between fingers of iron!

CHAPTER XV.

The Plazza was partially cleared — the open space guarded by lines of soldiers. The crowds, closely packed, stood along the sides of the houses, or filled the balconies and azoteas. The officers, alcalde, magistrates, and principal men of the town, were grouped near the centre of the Plazza. Most of these wore official costumes, and, under other circumstances, the eyes of the crowd would have been upon *them*. Not so now. There was a group more attractive than they—a group upon which every eye was gazing with intense interest.

This group occupied a corner of the Plazza

in front of the Calabozo, — directly in front of the window from which Carlos looked out. It was the first thing upon which his eyes rested. He saw no more—he saw not the crowd, nor the line of soldiers that penned it back—he saw not the gaudy gentry in the square; he saw only that group of beings before him. That was enough to keep his eyes from wandering.

The group was thus composed. There were two asses—small shaggy brown animals, —caparisoned in a covering of coarse black serge, that hung nearly to their feet. Each had a coarse hair halter held in the hand of a lepero driver, also fantastically dressed in the same black stuff. Behind each stood a lepero similarly attired, and carrying "cuartos" of buffalo-skin. By the side of each ass was one of the padrés of the mission, and each of these held in his hand the implements of

his trade—book, rosary, and crucifix. The priests wore an official look. They were in the act of officiating. At what? Listen!

The asses were mounted. On the back of each was a form—a human form. These sat not freely, but in constrained attitudes. The feet were drawn underneath by cords passed around the ankles; and, to a sort of wooden yoke around the necks of the animals, the hands of the riders were tied—so as to bring their backs into a slanting position. In this way their heads hung down, and their faces, turned to the wall, could not yet be seen by the crowd.

Both were nude to the waist, and below it. The eye needed but one glance at those forms to tell they were women! The long loose hair—in the one grey, in the other golden—shrouding their cheeks, and hanging over the necks of the animals, was further

proof of this. For one it was not needed. The outlines were those of a Venus. A sculptor's eye could not have detected a fault. In the form of the other, age had traced its marks. It was furrowed, angled, lean, and harsh to the eye of the observer.

Oh, God! what a sight for the eye of Carlos the cibolero! Those involuntary riders *were his mother and sister!*

And just at that moment his eye rested upon them—aye, and recognised them at a glance.

An arrow passing through his heart could not have inflicted keener pain. A sharp, half-stifled scream escaped his lips—the only sign of suffering the ear might detect. He was silent from that moment. His hard quick breathing alone told that he lived. He did not faint or fall. He did not retreat from the window. He stood like a statue in the posi-

tion he had first taken, hugging the wall with his breast, to steady himself. His eyes remained fixed on the group, and fixed too in their sockets, as if glued there!

Roblado and Vizcarra, in the centre of the square, enjoyed their triumph. They saw him at the embrasure. He saw not them. He had for the moment forgotten that they existed.

At a signal the bell rang in the tower of the paroquia, and then ceased. This was the cue for commencing the horrid ceremony.

The black drivers led their animals from the wall, and heading them in a direction parallel to one side of the Plazza, stood still. The faces of the women were now turned partially to the crowd, but their dishevelled hair sufficiently concealed them.

The padrés approached. Each selected one.

They mumbled a few unintelligible phrases in the ears of their victims, flourished the crucifix before their faces, and then retiring a step, muttered some directions to the two ruffians in the rear.

These with ready alacrity took up their cue, gathered the thick ends of their cuartos around their wrists, and plied the lash upon the naked backs of the women. The strokes were deliberate and measured — they were counted! Each seemed to leave its separate wale upon the skin. Upon the younger female they were more conspicuous—not that they had been delivered with greater severity, but upon the softer, whiter, and more tender skin, the purple lines appeared plainer by contrast.

Strange that neither cried out. The girl writhed, and uttered a low whimpering, but

no scream escaped her lips. As for the old woman, she remained quite motionless—no sign told that she suffered!

When ten lashes each had been administered, a voice from the centre of the Plazza cried out,—

"*Basta por la niña!*" (Enough for the girl.)

The crowd echoed this; and he, whose office it was to flog the younger female, rolled up his cuarto and desisted. The other went on, until twenty-five lashes were told off.

A band of music now struck up. The asses were led along the side of the square, and halted at the next corner.

The music stopped. The padrés again went through their mumbling ceremony. The executioners performed their part—only one of them this time—as by the voice of the crowd the younger female was spared the

lash, though she was still kept in her degraded and shameful position.

The full measure of twenty-five stripes was administered to the other, and then again the music, and the procession moved on to the third angle of the Plazza.

Here the horrid torture was repeated, and again at the fourth and last corner of the square, where the hundred lashes—the full number decreed as the punishment — were completed.

* * * *

The ceremony was over. The crowd gathered around the victims—who, now released from official keeping, were left to themselves.

The feeling of the crowd was curiosity, not sympathy. Notwithstanding all that had passed before their eyes, there was but little sympathy in the hearts of that rabble.

Fanaticism is stronger than pity; and who cared for the witch and the heretic?

Yes—there were some who cared yet. There were hands that unbound the cords, and chafed the brows of the sufferers, and flung rebosos over their shoulders and poured water into the lips of those silent victims—silent, for both had fainted!

A rude carreta was there. How it came there, no one knew or cared. It was getting dusk, and people, having satisfied their curiosity, and hungry from long fasting, were falling off to their homes. The brawny driver of the carreta, directed by a young girl, and aided by two or three dusky Indians, lifted the sufferers into his vehicle, and then mounting himself, drove off; while the young girl, and two or three who had assisted him, followed the vehicle.

It cleared the suburbs, and striking into a

bye-road that traversed the chapparal, arrived at a lone rancho, the same where Rosita had been taken before—for it was Josefa, who again carried her away.

The sufferers were taken inside the house. It was soon perceived that one no longer suffered. The daughter was restored to consciousness, only to see that that of her mother had for ever fled!

Her temples were chafed—her lips moistened—her hand pressed in vain. The wild utterance of a daughter's grief fell unheard upon her ears. Death had carried her spirit to another world.

CHAPTER XVI.

From the embrasure of his prison Carlos looked upon the terrible spectacle. We have said that he regarded it in silence. Not exactly so. Now and then, as the blood-stained lash fell heavier than usual, a low groan escaped him — the involuntary utterance of agony extreme.

His looks more than his voice betrayed the fearful fire that was burning within. Those who by chance or curiosity glanced into the embrasure were appalled by the expression of that face. Its muscles were rigid and swollen, the eyes were fixed and ringed with purple, the teeth firmly set, the lips drawn

tight over them, and large sweat-drops glistened upon the forehead. No red showed upon the cheeks, nor any part of the face—not a trace to tell that blood circulated there. Pale as death was that face, and motionless as marble.

From his position Carlos could see but two angles of the Plazza—that where the cruel scene had its commencement, and that where the second portion was administered. The procession then passed out of sight; but though his eyes were no longer tortured by the horrid spectacle, there was but little relief in that. He knew it continued all the same.

He remained no longer by the window. A resolve carried him from it,—the resolve of self-destruction!

His agony was complete. He could endure it no longer. Death would relieve him, and upon death he was determined.

But how to die?

He had no weapon; and even if he had, pinioned as he was, he could not have used it.

But one mode seemed possible. To dash his head against the wall!

A glance at the soft mason-work of *adobes* convinced him that this would not effect his purpose. By such an effort he might stun, but not kill himself. He would wake again to horrid life.

His eyes swept the cell in search of some mode of self-destruction.

A beam traversed the apartment. It was high enough to hang the tallest man. With his hands free, and a cord in them, it would do. There was cord enough *on* them for the purpose, for they were bound by several varas of a raw-hide thong.

To the fastenings his attention was now directed; when, to his surprise and delight, he

perceived that the thong had become slack and loose! The hot sweat, pouring from his hands and wrists, had saturated the raw-hide, causing it to melt and yield; and his desperate exertions, made mechanically under the influence of agony and half-madness, had stretched it for inches! A slight examination of the fastenings convinced him of the possibility of his undoing them; and to this he applied himself with all the strength and energy of a desperate man. Had his hands been tied in front, he might have used his teeth in the endeavour to set them free; but they were bound fast together across his back. He pulled and wrenched them with all his strength.

If there is a people in the world who understand better than any other the use of ropes or thongs, that people is the Spanish-American. The Indian must yield to them

in this knowledge, and even the habile sailor makes but a clumsy knot in comparison. No people so well understand how to bind a captive *without iron*, and the captive outlaw had been tied to perfection.

But neither ropes of hemp nor hide will secure a man of superior strength and resolution. Give such an one but time to operate, and he will be certain to free himself. Carlos knew that he needed but time.

The effect produced by the moistening of the raw-hide was such, that short time sufficed. In less than ten minutes it slipped from his wrists, and his hands were free!

He drew the thong through his fingers to clear it of loops and snarls. He fashioned one end into a noose; and, mounting upon the banqueta, knotted the other over the beam. He then placed the noose around his naked throat—calculating the height at which it

should hang when drawn taut by the weight of his body! and, placing himself on the elevated edge of the banqueta, he was prepared to spring out——

"Let me look on them once more before I die—poor victims!—once more—"

The position he occupied was nearly in front of the embrasure, and he had only to lean a little to one side to get a view of the Plazza. He did so.

He could not see them; but he saw that the attention of the crowd was directed toward that angle of the square adjacent to the Calabozo. The horrid ceremony would soon be over. Perhaps they would then be carried within sight. He would wait for the moment, it would be his last——

"Ha! what is that? Oh God! it is——"

He heard the "weep" of the keen cuarto as it cut the air. He thought, or fancied, he

heard a low moan. The silence of the crowd enabled him to distinguish the slightest sounds.

"God of mercy, is there no mercy? God of vengeance, hear me! Ha! vengeance! what am I dreaming of, suicidal fool? What! my hands free—can I not break the door? the lock? I can but die upon their weapons! and maybe——"

He had flung the noose from his neck, and was about to turn away from the window, when a heavy object struck him on the forehead, almost stunning him with the blow!

At first he thought it was a stone from the hand of some ruffian without; but the object in falling upon the banqueta, gave out a dull metallic clink. He looked down, and in the dim light could make out that the thing which had struck him was of an oblong shape. He bent hastily forward, and clutched it.

It was a parcel, wrapped in a piece of silken scarf and tied securely. The string was soon unfastened, and the contents of the parcel held up to the light. These were a roleau of gold onzas, a long bladed knife, and a folded sheet of paper!

The last occupied his attention first. The sun was down, and the light declining, but in front of the window there was still enough to enable him to read. He opened the paper and read:—

"*Your time is fixed for to-morrow. I cannot learn whether you will be kept where you are all night, or be taken back to the Presidio. If you remain in the Calabozo, well. I send you two weapons. Use which you please, or both. The walls can be pierced. There will be one outside who will conduct you safe. Should you be taken to the Presidio, you must endeavour to escape*

on the way, or there is no hope. I need not recommend courage and resolution to you—the personification of both. Make for the rancho of Josefa. There you will find one who is now ready to share your perils and your liberty. Adieu! my soul's hero, adieu!"

No name appeared. But Carlos needed none—he well knew who was the writer of that note.

"Brave, noble girl!" he muttered as he concealed the paper under the breast of his hunting-shirt, "the thought of living for you fills me with fresh hope—gives me new nerve for the struggle. If I die, it will not be by the hands of the *garrotero*. No, my hands are free. They shall not be bound again while life remains. I shall yield only to death itself."

As the captive muttered these thoughts he sat down upon the banqueta, and hurriedly

untied the thongs that up to this time had remained upon his ankles. This done, he rose to his feet again; and, with the long knife firmly clutched, strode up and down the cell, glancing fiercely towards the door at each turning. He had resolved to run the gauntlet of his guards, and by his manner it was evident he had made up his mind to attack the first of them that entered.

For several minutes he paced his cell, like a tiger within its cage.

At length a thought seemed to suggest itself that caused a change in his manner, sudden and decided. He gathered up the thongs just cast off; and, seating himself upon the banqueta, once more wound them around his ankles—but this time in such a fashion, that a single jerk upon a cunningly-contrived knot would set all free. The knife was hidden under his hunting-shirt, where the purse had

been already deposited. Last of all, he unloosed the raw-hide rope from the beam, and meeting his hands behind him, whipped it around both wrists, until they had the appearance of being securely spliced. He then assumed a reclining attitude along the banqueta, with his face turned towards the door, and remained motionless as though he were asleep!

CHAPTER XVII.

In our land of cold impulses—of love calculating and interested—we cannot understand, and scarcely credit, the deeds of reckless daring that in other climes have their origin in that strong passion.

Among Spanish women love often attains a strength and sublimity, utterly unfelt and unknown to nations who mix it up with their merchandise. With those highly-developed dames it often becomes a true passion—unselfish, headlong, intense—usurping the place of every other, and filling the measure of the soul. Filial affection—domestic ties—moral and social duty—must yield. Love triumphs over all.

Of such a nature—of such intensity—was the love that burned in the heart of Catalina de Cruces.

Filial affection had been weighed against it; rank, fortune, and many other considerations, had been thrown into the scale. Love outbalanced them all; and, obedient to its impulse, she had resolved to fling all the rest behind her.

It was nearing the hour of midnight, and the mansion of Don Ambrosio was dark and silent. Its master was not at home. A grand banquet had been provided at the Presidio by Vizcarra and Roblado, to which all the grandees of the settlement had been invited. Don Ambrosio was among the number. At this hour he was at the Presidio, feasting and making merry.

It was not a ladies' festival, therefore Catalina was not there. It was, indeed, rather

an extemporised affair—a sort of jubilee to wind up the performances of the day. The officers and priests were in high spirits, and had put their heads together in getting up the improvised banquet.

The town had become silent, and the mansion of Don Ambrosio showed not a sign of life. The portero still lingered by the great gate, waiting his master's return; but he sat inside upon the banqueta of the saguan, and seemed to be asleep.

He was watched by those who wished him to sleep on.

The large door of the *caballeriza* was open. Within the framework of the posts and lintels the form of a man could be distinguished. It was the groom Andres.

There was no light in the stable. Had there been so, four horses might have been seen standing in their stalls, saddled and

bridled. A still stranger circumstance might have been observed—around the hoofs of each horse were wrapped pieces of coarse woollen cloth, that were drawn up and fastened around the ankles! There was some design in this.

The door of the caballeriza was not visible from the saguan; but at intervals the figure within the stable came forth, and, skulking along, peeped around the angle of the wall. The portero was evidently the object of his scrutiny. Having listened a while, the figure again returned to its place in the dark doorway, and stood as before.

Up to a certain time a tiny ray of light could be detected stealing through the curtains of a chamber-door — the chamber of the Señorita. All at once the light silently disappeared; but a few moments after, the

door opened noiselessly. A female figure glided softly forth, and turned along under the shadow of the wall, in the direction of the caballeriza. On reaching the open doorway she stopped, and called in a low voice:—

"Andres!"

"*Aqui, Señorita,*" answered the groom, stepping a little more into the light.

"All saddled?"

"Si, Señorita."

"You have muffled their hoofs?"

"Every one, Señorita."

"Oh! what shall we do with *him?*" continued the lady in a tone of distress, and pointing toward the saguan. "We shall not be able to pass out before papa returns, and then it may be too late. *Santissima!*"

"Señorita, why not serve the portero as

I have done the girl? I'm strong enough for that."

"Oh, Vicenza! how have you secured her?"

"In the garden-house,—tied, gagged, and locked up. I warrant she'll not turn up till somebody finds her. No fear of her, Señorita. I'll do the same for the portero, if you but say the word."

"No—no—no! who would open the gate for papa? No—no—no! it would not do." She reflected. "And yet if he gets out before the horses are ready, they will soon miss—pursue—overtake him. He *will* get out, I am sure of it. How long would it occupy him? not long. He will easily undo his cord fastenings. I know that—he once said he could. Oh, holy Virgin! he may now be free, and waiting for me! I must haste—the portero—Ha!"

As she uttered this exclamation she turned suddenly to Andres. A new plan seemed to have suggested itself.

"Andres! good Andres! listen! We shall manage it yet!"

"Si, Señorita."

"Thus, then. Lead the horses out the back way, through the garden—can you swim them across the stream?"

"Nothing easier, my lady."

"Good! Through the garden take them then. Stay!"

At this she cast her eyes toward the entrance of the long alley leading to the garden, which was directly opposite to, and visible from, the saguan. Unless the portero were asleep, he could not fail to see four horses passing out in that way—dark as was the night. Here, then, a new difficulty presented itself.

Suddenly starting, she seemed to have thought of a way to overcome it.

"Andres, it will do. You go to the saguan. See whether he be asleep. Go up boldly. If asleep, well; if not, enter into conversation with him. Get him to open the little door and let you out. Wile him upon the street, and by some means keep him there. *I* shall lead out the horses."

This was plausible, and the groom prepared himself for a strategic encounter with the portero.

"When sufficient time has elapsed, steal after me to the garden. See that you manage well, Andres. I shall double your reward. You go with me—you have nothing to fear."

"Señorita, I am ready to lay down my life for you."

Gold is powerful. Gold had won the stout Andres to a fealty stronger than friends

ship. For gold he was ready to strangle the portero on the spot.

The latter was not asleep—only dozing, as a Spanish portero knows how. Andres put the stratagem in practice, he offered a cigar; and in a few minutes time his unsuspicious fellow-servant stepped with him through the gate, and both stood smoking outside.

Catalina judged their situation by the hum of their voices. She entered the dark stable; and gliding to the head of one of the horses, caught the bridle, and led the animal forth. A few moments sufficed to conduct it to the garden, where she knotted the reins to a tree.

She then returned for the second, and the third, and the fourth and last—all of which she secured as she had done the first.

Once more she went back to the patio. This time only to shut the stable-door, and

lock that of her own chamber; and, having secured both, she cast a look towards the saguan, and then glided back into the garden. Here she mounted her own horse, took the bridle of another in her hand, and sat waiting.

She had not long to wait. Andres had well calculated his time, for in a few minutes he appeared in the entrance; and, having closed the gate behind him, joined his mistress.

The *ruse* had succeeded admirably. The portero suspected nothing. Andres had bidden him "buenas noches," at the same time expressing his intention of going to bed.

Don Ambrosio might now return when he pleased. He would retire to his sleeping-room as was his wont. He would not know before morning the loss he had sustained.

The mufflings were now removed from the feet of the horses, and plunging as silently as

possible into the water, the four were guided across the stream. Having ascended the opposite bank, they were first headed towards the cliffs, but before they had proceeded far in that direction, they turned into a path of the chapparal leading downward. This path would conduct them to the rancho of Josefa.

CHAPTER XVIII.

From the position he occupied, Carlos did not fail to observe the outlines of his prison, and search for that point that might be pierced with least trouble. He saw that the walls were of adobe bricks—strong enough to shut in an ordinary malefactor, but easily cut through by a man armed with the proper tool, and the determination to set himself free. Two hours' work would suffice, but how to work that two hours without being interrupted and detected? That was the question that occupied the mind of the captive.

One thing was very evident; it would be

unwise to commence operations before a late hour—until the relief of the guard.

Carlos had well calculated his measures. He had determined to remain as he was, and keep up the counterfeit of his being fast bound until such time as the guard should be changed. He knew that it was the duty of the old guard to deliver him to the relief; and these would assure themselves of his being in the cell by ocular inspection. He guessed that the hour of guard mounting must be near. He would, therefore, not have long to wait before the new sentries should present themselves in his cell.

One thought troubled him. Would they keep him in the Calabozo that night, or take him back to the Presidio for better security? If the latter, his only chance would be—as she had suggested—to make a desperate effort, and escape on the route. Once lodged in the

guard-house prison, he would be surrounded by walls of stone. There would be no hope of cutting his way through them.

It was probable enough he should be taken there; and yet why should they fear his escape from the Calabozo—fast bound as they believed him—unarmed, guarded by vigilant sentinels? No. They would not dream of his getting off. Besides, it would be more convenient to keep him all night in the latter prison. It was close to the place of his intended execution, which no doubt was to take place on the morrow. The garotta had been already erected in front of his gaol!

Partly influenced by such considerations, and partly that they were occupied with pleasanter matters, the authorities had resolved on leaving him where he was for the night, though Carlos was ignorant of this.

He had, however, prepared himself for

either contingency. Should they convey him back to the Presidio, he would seek the best opportunity that offered, and risk his life in a bold effort to escape. Should he be permitted to remain in the Calabozo, he would wait till the guard had visited him—then set to work upon the wall after they had gone out. In the event of being detected while at work, but one course remained,—run the gauntlet of the guard, and cut his way through their midst.

His escape was not an affair of such improbability. A determined man with a long knife in his grasp—one who will yield only to death—is a difficult thing to secure under any circumstances. Such an one will often effect his freedom, even when hemmed in by a host of enemies. With Carlos, however, the probabilities of escape were much greater. He was individually strong and brave, while

most of his enemies were physically but pigmies in comparison. As to their courage, he knew that once they saw him with his hands free and armed, they would make way for him on all sides. What he had most to fear was the bullets of their carbines; but he had much to hope from their want of skill, and the darkness would favour him.

For more than an hour he lay along the banqueta, turning over in his mind the chances of regaining his liberty. His reflections were interrupted by an unusual stir outside his prison. A fresh batch of soldiers had arrived at the door.

Carlos' heart beat anxiously. Was it a party come to conduct him to the Presidio? It might be so. He waited with painful impatience listening to every word.

To his great joy it proved to be the arrival of the relief-guard; and he had the satis-

faction of hearing, by their conversation, that they had been detailed to guard him all night in the Calabozo. This was just the very thing he desired to know.

Presently the door was unlocked, and opened, and several of the men entered. One bore a lanthorn. With this they examined him—uttering coarse and insulting remarks as they stood around. They saw that he was securely bound! After a while all went out and left him to himself. The door was of course relocked, and the cell was again in perfect darkness.

Carlos lay still for a few minutes, to assure himself they were not going to return. He heard them place the sentries by the door, and then the voices of the greater number seemed borne off to some distance.

Now was the time to begin his work. He hastily cast the cords from his hands and

feet, drew the long knife from his breast, and attacked the adobe wall.

The spot he had chosen was at the corner farthest from the door, and at the back side of the cell. He knew not what was the nature of the ground on the other side, but it seemed most likely that which would lie towards the open country. The Calabozo was no fortress-prison—a mere temporary affair, used by the municipal authorities for malefactors of the smaller kind. So much the better for his chances of breaking it.

The wall yielded easily to his knife. The adobe is but dry mud, toughened by an admixture of grass; and although the bricks were laid to the thickness of twenty inches or more, in the space of an hour Carlos succeeded in cutting a hole large enough to pass through. He could have accomplished this feat in still shorter time, but he was

compelled to work with caution, and as silently as possibly. Twice he fancied that his guards were about to enter the cell, and both times he had sprung to his feet, and stood, knife in hand, ready to assail them. Fortunately his fancies were without foundation. No one entered until the hole was made, and the captive had the satisfaction to feel the cold air rushing through the aperture!

He stopped his work and listened. There was no sound on that side of the prison. All was silence and darkness. He pressed his head forward, and peered through. The night was dark, but he could see weeds and wild cactus plants growing close to the wall. Good! There were no signs of life there.

He widened the aperture to the size of his body, and crawled through, knife in hand. He raised himself gradually and silently. Nothing but tall rank weeds, cactus plants, and

aloes. He was behind the range of the dwellings. He was in the common. He was free!

He started towards the open country—skulking under the shadow of the brushwood. A form rose before him, as if out of the earth, and a voice softly pronounced his name. He recognised the girl Josefa. A word or two was exchanged, when the girl beckoned him to follow, and silently led the way.

They entered the chapparal, and following a narrow path, succeeded in getting round the village. On the other side lay the rancho, and in half-an-hour's time they arrived at and entered the humble dwelling.

In the next moment Carlos was bending over the corpse of his mother!

There was no shock in this encounter. He had been half prepared for such an event. Besides, his nerves had been already strained

to their utmost by the spectacle of the morning. Sorrow may sometimes eclipse sorrow, and drive it from the heart; but that agony which he had already endured could not be supplanted by a greater. The nerve of grief had been touched with such severity that it could vibrate no longer!

Beside him was one who offered consolation—she his noble preserver.

But it was no hour for idle grief. Carlos kissed the cold lips—hastily embraced his weeping sister—his love.

"The horses?" he inquired.

"They are close at hand—among the trees!"

"Come, then! we must not lose a moment—we must go hence—Come!"

As he uttered these words, he wrapped the serapé around the corpse, lifted it in his arms, and passed out of the rancho.

The others had already preceded him to the spot where the horses were concealed.

Carlos saw that there were five of these animals. A gleam of joy shot from his eyes as he recognised his noble steed. Antonio had recovered him. Antonio was there, on the spot.

All were soon in the saddles. Two of the horses carried Rosita and Catalina; the other two were ridden by Antonio and the groom Andres. The cibolero himself, carrying his strange burden, once more sprang upon the back of his faithful steed.

"Down the valley, master?" inquired Antonio.

Carlos hesitated a moment, as if deliberating.

"No," replied he at length. "They would follow us that way. By the pass of La Niña. They will not suspect us of taking

the cliff road. Lead on, Antonio! — the chapparal path — you know it best. On!"

The cavalcade started, and in a few minutes had passed the borders of the town, and was winding its way through the devious path that led to the pass of La Niña. No words were exchanged, or only a whisper, as the horses in single file followed one another through the chapparal.

An hour's silent travel brought them to the pass, up which they filed without halting till they had reached the top of the ravine. Here Carlos rode to the front, and directing Antonio to guide the others straight across the table-land, remained himself behind.

As soon as the rest were gone past, he wheeled his horse, and rode direct for the cliff of La Niña. Having reached the extremity of the bluff, he halted at a point that commanded a full view of San Ilde-

fonso. In the sombre darkness of night the valley seemed but the vast crater of an extinct volcano; and the lights, glittering in the town and the Presidio, resembled the last sparks of flaming lava that had not yet died out!

The horse stood still. The rider raised the corpse upon his arm; and, baring the pale face, turned it in the direction of the lights.

"Mother! mother!" he broke forth, in a voice hoarse with grief. "Oh! that those eyes could see—that those ears could hear! If but for a moment,—one short moment—that you might bear witness to my vow! Here do I swear that you shall be revenged! From this hour I yield up my strength, my time, my soul and body, to the accomplishment of vengeance. Vengeance! why do I use the word? It is not vengeance, but

justice—justice upon the perpetrators of the foulest murder the world has ever recorded. But it shall not go unpunished. Spirit of my mother, hear me! *It shall not.* Your death shall be avenged—your torture shall have full retribution. Rejoice, you ruffian crew! feast, and be merry, for your time of sorrow will soon come—sooner than you think for! I go, but to return. Have patience—you shall see me again. Yes! once more you shall stand face to face with Carlos the cibolero!"

He raised his right arm, and held it outstretched in a menacing attitude, while a gleam of vengeful triumph passed over his countenance. His horse, as if actuated by a similar impulse, neighed wildly; and then wheeling round at a signal from his rider, galloped away from the cliff!

CHAPTER XIX.

After having witnessed the disgusting ceremony in the Plazza, the officers returned to their quarters at the Presidio.

As already stated, they did not return alone. The principal men of the place had been invited to dine with them—cura, padrés, alcalde, and all. The capture of the outlaw was a theme of public gratulation and rejoicing; and the Commandante and his captain —to whom was due the credit—were determined to rejoice. To that end the banquet was spread at the Presidio.

It was not thought worth while to remove Carlos to the soldiers' prison. He could

remain all night in the Calabozo. Fast bound and well guarded as he was, there was not the slightest danger of him making his escape.

To-morrow would be the last day of his life. To-morrow his foes should have the pleasure of seeing him die—to-morrow the Commandante and Roblado would enjoy their full measure of vengeance.

Even that day Vizcarra had enjoyed part of his. For the scorn with which he had been treated he had revenged himself—though it was he who from the centre of the Plazza had cried "*Basta!*" It was not mercy that had caused him to interfere. His words were not prompted by motives of humanity—far otherwise.

His designs were vile and brutal. To-morrow the brother would be put out of the way, and then——

The wine—the music—the jest—the loud laugh—all could not drown some bitter reflections. Ever and anon the mirror upon the wall threw back his dark face spoiled and distorted. His success had been dearly purchased—his was a sorry triumph.

It prospered better with Roblado. Don Ambrosio was one of the guests, and sat beside him.

The wine had loosened the heart-strings of the miner. He was communicative and liberal of his promises. His daughter, he said, had repented of her folly, and now looked with indifference upon the fate of Carlos. Roblado might hope.

It is probable that Don Ambrosio had reasons for believing what he said. It is probable that Catalina had thrown out such hints, the better to conceal her desperate design.

The wine flowed freely, and the guests of

the Commandante revelled under its influence. There were toasts, and songs, and patriotic speeches; and the hour of midnight arrived before the company was half satiated with enjoyment.

In the midst of their carousal, a proposal was volunteered by some one, that the outlaw Carlos should be brought in! Odd as was this proposition, it exactly suited the half-drunken revellers. Many were curious to have a good sight of the cibolero—now so celebrated a personage.

The proposal was backed by many voices, and the Commandante pressed to yield to it.

Vizcarra had no objection to gratify his guests. Both he and Roblado rather liked the idea. It would be a further humiliation of their hated enemy.

Enough. Sergeant Gomez was summoned, the cibolero sent for, and the revelry went on.

But that revelry was soon after brought to a sudden termination, when Sergeant Gomez burst into the saloon, and announced in a loud voice that—

The prisoner had escaped!

A shell dropping into the midst of that company could not have scattered it more completely. All sprang to their feet—chairs and tables went tumbling over—glasses and bottles were dashed to the floor, and the utmost confusion ensued.

The guests soon cleared themselves of the room. Some ran direct to their houses to see if their families were safe; while others made their way to the Calabozo to assure themselves of the truth of the sergeant's report.

Vizcarra and Roblado were in a state bordering upon madness. Both stormed and

swore, at the same time ordering the whole garrison under arms.

In a few minutes nearly every soldier of the Presidio had vaulted to his saddle, and was galloping in the direction of the town.

The Calabozo was surrounded.

There was the hole through which the captive had got off. How had he unbound his fastenings—who had furnished him with the knife?

The sentries were questioned and flogged —and flogged and questioned—but could tell nothing. They knew not that their prisoner was gone, until Gomez and his party came to demand him!

Scouring parties were sent out in every direction—but in the night what could they do? The houses were all searched, but what was the use of that? The cibolero was not

likely to have remained within the town. No doubt he was off once more to the Plains!

The night search proved ineffectual; and in the morning the party that had gone down the valley returned, having found no traces either of Carlos, his sister, or his mother. It was known that the *hechicera* had died on the previous night, but where had the body been taken to? Had she come to life again, and aided the outlaw in his escape? Such was the conjecture!

At a later hour in the morning, some light was thrown on the mysterious affair. Don Ambrosio, who had gone to rest without disturbing his daughter, was awaiting her presence in the breakfast-room. What detained her beyond the usual hour? The father grew impatient—then anxious. A messenger was at length sent to summon her—no reply to the knocking at her chamber-door!

The door was burst open. The room was entered—it was found untenanted—the bed unpressed—the Señorita had fled!

She must be pursued! Where is the groom?—the horses? She must be overtaken and brought back!

The stable is reached, and its door laid open. No groom! no horses!—they, too, were gone!

Heavens! what a fearful scandal! The daughter of Don Ambrosio had not only assisted the outlaw to escape, but she had shared his flight, and was now with him! "*Huyeron!*" was the universal cry.

The trail of the horses was at length taken up, and followed by a large party, both of dragoons and mounted civilians. It led into the high plain, and then towards the Pecos, where they had crossed. Upon the other side the trail was lost. The horses had

separated, and gone in different directions, and their tracks, passing over dry shingle, could no longer be followed.

After several days' fruitless wandering, the pursuing party returned, and a fresh one started out; but this, after a while, came back to announce a similar want of success. Every haunt had been searched; the old rancho—the groves on the Pecos—even the ravine and its cave had been visited, and examined carefully. No traces of the fugitives could be discovered; and it was conjectured that they had gone clear off from the confines of the settlement.

This conjecture proved correct, and guessing was at length set at rest. A party of friendly Comanches, who visited the settlement, brought in the report, that they had met the cibolero on their way across the Llano Estacado —that he was accompanied by two women

and several men with pack-mules carrying provisions—that he had told them (the Indians) he was on his way for a long journey—in fact, to the other side of the Great Plains.

This information was definite, and no doubt correct. Carlos had been often heard to express his intention of crossing over to the country of the Americanos. He was now gone thither—most likely to settle upon the banks of the Mississippi. He was already far beyond the reach of pursuit. They would see him no more—as it was not likely he would ever again show his face in the settlements of New Mexico.

* * * * *

Months rolled past. Beyond the report of the Comanches, nothing was heard of Carlos or his people. Although neither he nor his were forgotten, yet they had ceased to be generally talked of. Other affairs

occupied the minds of the people of San Ildefonso; and there had lately arisen one or two matters of high interest—almost sufficient to eclipse the memory of the noted outlaw.

The settlement had been threatened by an invasion from the Yutas—which would have taken place, had not the Yutas, just at the time, been themselves attacked and beaten by another tribe of savages! This defeat had prevented their invasion of the valley—at least for that season, but they had excited fears for the future.

Another terror had stirred San Ildefonso of late—a threatened revolt of the Tagnos, the *Indios mansos*, or *tame* Indians, who formed the majority of the population. Their brethren in several other settlements had risen, and succeeded in casting off the Spanish yoke!

It was natural that those of San Ildefonso should dream of similar action, and conspire.

But their conspiracy was nipped in the bud by the vigilance of the authorities. The leaders were arrested, tried, condemned, and shot. Their scalps were hung over the gateway of the Presidio, as a warning to their dusky compatriots, who were thus reduced to complete submission!

These tragic occurrences had done much to obliterate from the memory of all the cibolero and his deeds. True, there were some of San Ildefonso who, with good cause, still remembered both; but the crowd had ceased to think of either him or his. All had heard and believed that the outlaw had long ago crossed the Great Plains, and was now safe under the protection of those of his own race, upon the banks of the Mississippi.

CHAPTER XX.

And what had become of Carlos? Was it true that he had crossed the great plains? Did he never return? What became of San Ildefonso?

These questions were asked, because he who narrated the legend had remained for some time silent. His eyes wandered over the valley, now raised to the cliff of La Niña, and now resting upon the weed-covered ruin. Strong emotion was the cause of his silence.

His auditory, already half guessing the fate of San Ildefonso, impatiently desired to know the end. After a while he continued.

Carlos *did* return. What became of San

Ildefonso? In yonder ruin you have your answer. San Ildefonso fell. But you would know how? Oh! it is a terrible tale — a tale of blood and vengeance, and Carlos was the avenger.

Yes—the cibolero returned to the valley of San Ildefonso, but he came not alone. Five hundred warriors were at his back—red warriors who acknowledged him as their leader—their "White Chief." They were the braves of the Waco band. They knew the story of his wrongs, and had sworn to avenge him!

It was autumn — late autumn — that loveliest season of the American year, when the wild woods appear painted, and Nature seems to repose after her annual toil — when all her creatures having feasted at the full banquet she has so lavishly laid out for them, appear content and happy.

It was night, with an autumnal moon —

that moon whose round orb and silvery beams have been celebrated in the songs of many a harvest land.

Not less brilliant fell those beams where no harvest was ever known—upon the wild plain of the Llano Estacado. The lone *hatero*, couched beside his silent flock, was awakened by a growl from his watchful sheep-dog. Raising himself, he looked cautiously around. Was it the wolf, the grizzly bear, or the red puma? None of these. A far different object was before his eyes, as he glanced over the level plain — an object whose presence caused him to tremble.

A long line of dark forms was moving across the plain. They were the forms of horses with their riders. They were in single file — the muzzle of each horse close to the croup of the one that preceded him. From east to west they moved. The head of the line

was already near, but its rear extended beyond the reach of the hatero's vision.

Presently the troop filed before him, and passed within two hundred paces of where he lay. Smoothly and silently it glided on. There was no chinking of bitts, no jingling of spurs, no clanking of sabres. Alone could be heard the dull stroke of the shoeless hoof, or at intervals the neigh of an impatient steed, suddenly checked by a reproof from his rider. Silently they passed on—silent as spectres. The full moon gleaming upon them, added to their unearthly appearance!

The watcher trembled where he lay—though he knew they were not spectres. He knew well what they were, and understood the meaning of that extended deployment. They were Indian warriors upon the march. The bright moonlight enabled him to distin-

guish farther. He saw that they were all full-grown men—that they were nude to the waist, and below the thighs—that their breasts and arms were painted—that they carried nought but their bows, quivers, and spears—in short, that they were braves *on the war-trail!*

Strangest sight of all to the eyes of the hatero was the leader who rode at the head of that silent band. He differed from all the rest in dress, in equipments, in the colour of his skin. *The hatero saw that he was white!*

Surprised was he at first, on observing this, but not for long. This shepherd was one of the sharpest of his tribe. It was he who had discovered the remains of the yellow hunter and his companion. He remembered the events of that time. He reflected; and in a few moments arrived at the conclusion, that the *White Chief* he now saw could be no other

than Carlos the cibolero! In that conjecture he was right.

The first thought of the hatero had been to save his own life by remaining quiet. Before the line of warriors had quite passed him, other thoughts came into his mind. The Indians were on the *war-trail!*—they were marching direct for the settlement,—they were headed by Carlos the cibolero!

The history of Carlos the outlaw now came before his mind—he remembered the whole story; beyond a doubt the cibolero was returning to the settlement to take vengeance upon his enemies!

Influenced partly by patriotism, and partly by the hope of reward, the hatero at once resolved to defeat this purpose. He would hasten to the valley and warn the garrison!

As soon as the line had filed past, he rose to his feet, and was about to start off upon

his errand; but he had miscalculated the intelligence of the white leader. Long before, the flanking scouts had enclosed both him and his charge; and the next moment he was a captive! Part of his flock served for the supper of that band he would have betrayed.

Up to the point where the hatero had been encountered, the White Chief and his followers had travelled along a well-known path—the trail of the traders. Beyond this, the leader swerved from the track; and without a word headed obliquely over the plain. The extended line followed silently after—as the body of a snake moves after its head.

Another hour, and they had arrived at the *ceja* of the Great Plain—at a point well known to their chief. It was at the head of that ravine, where he had so oft found shelter from his foes. The moon, though shining with splendid brillance, was low in the sky,

and her light did not penetrate the vast chasm. It lay buried in dark shade. The descent was a difficult one, though not to such men, and with such a guide.

Muttering some words to his immediate follower, the White Chief headed his horse into the cleft, and the next moment disappeared under the shadow of the rocks.

The warrior that followed, passing the word behind him, rode after, and likewise disappeared in the darkness; then another, and another, until five hundred mounted men were engulfed in that fearful-looking abysm. Not one remained upon the upper plain.

For a while there struck upon the ear a continued pattering sound—the sound of a thousand hoofs as they fell upon rocks and loose shingle. But this noise gradually died away, and all was silence. Neither horses nor men gave any token of their presence in the

ravine. The only sounds that fell upon the ears were the voices of nature's wild creatures whose haunts had been invaded. They were the wail of the goat-sucker, the bay of the barking-wolf, and the maniac scream of the eagle.

* * * * *

Another day passes — another moon has arisen—and the gigantic serpent, that had all day lain coiled in the ravine, is seen gliding silently out at its bottom, and stretching its long vertebrate form across the plain of the Pecos.

The stream is reached and crossed; amidst plashing spray, horse follows horse over the shallow ford; and then the glittering line glides on.

Having passed the river lowlands, it ascends the high plains that overlook the valley of San Ildefonso.

Here a halt is made — scouts are sent forward — and once more the line moves on.

Its head reaches the cliff of La Niña, just as the moon has sunk behind the snowy summit of the Sierra Blanca. For the last hour the leader has been marching slowly, as though he waited her going down. Her light is no longer desired. Darkness better befits the deed that is to be done.

A halt is made until the pass has been reconnoitred. That done, the White Chief guides his followers down the defile; and in another half-hour the five hundred horsemen have silently disappeared within the mazes of the chapparal!

Under the guidance of the half-blood Antonio, an open glade is found near the centre of the thicket. Here the horsemen

dismount and tie their horses to the trees. The attack is to be made on foot.

* * * * *

It is now the hour after midnight. The moon has been down for some time; and the cirrus clouds, that for a while had reflected her light, have been gradually growing darker. Objects can no longer be distinguished at the distance of twenty feet. The huge pile of the Presidio, looming against the leaden sky, looks black and gloomy. The sentinel cannot be seen upon the turrets, but at intervals his shrill voice uttering the "*Centinela alerte!*" tells that he is at his post. His call is answered by the sentinel at the gate below, and then all is silent. The garrison sleeps secure—even the night-guard in the saguan, with their bodies extended along the stone banqueta, are sleeping soundly.

The Presidio dreads no sudden attack—

there has been no rumour of Indian incursion —the neighbouring tribes are all *en paz;* and the Tagno conspirators have been destroyed. Greater vigilance would be superfluous. A sentry upon the azotea, and another by the gate, are deemed sufficient for the ordinary guardianship of the garrison. Ha! the inmates of the Presidio little dream of the enemy that is nigh!

"*Centinela alerte!*" once more screams the watcher upon the wall. "*Centinela alerte!*" answers the other by the gate.

But neither is sufficiently on the alert to perceive the dark forms that, prostrate upon the ground, like huge lizards, are crawling forward to the very walls. Slowly and silently these forms are moving, amidst weeds and grass, gradually drawing nearer to the gateway of the Presidio.

A lanthorn burns by the sentinel. Its

light, radiating to some distance, does not avail him—he sees them not!

A rustling noise at length reaches his ear. The "*quien viva?*" is upon his lips; but he lives not to utter the words. Half-a-dozen bow-strings twang simultaneously, and as many arrows bury themselves in his flesh. His heart is pierced, and he falls, almost without uttering a groan!

A stream of dark forms pours into the open gateway. The guard, but half awake, perish before they can lay hand upon their weapons!

And now the war-cry of the Wacoes peals out in earnest, and the hundreds of dark warriors rush like a torrent through the saguan.

They enter the patio. The doors of the *cuartos* are besieged—soldiers, terrified to confusion, come forth in their shirts, and fall under the spears of their dusky assailants.

Carbines and pistols crack on all sides, but those who fire do not live to reload them.

* * * * *

It was a short but terrible struggle—terrible while it lasted. There were shouts, and shots, and groans, mingling together—the deep voice of the vengeful leader, and the wild war-cry of his followers—the crashing of timber, as doors were broken through or forced from their hinges—the clashing of swords and spears, and the quick detonation of fire-arms. Oh! it was a terrible conflict!

It ends at length. An almost total silence follows. The warriors no longer utter their dread cry. Their soldier-enemies are destroyed. Every cuarto has been cleared of its inmates, who lie in bleeding heaps over the patio, and by the doors. No quarter has been given. All have been killed on the spot.

No—not all. There are two who sur-

vive — two whose lives have been spared. Vizcarra and Roblado yet live!

Piles of wood are now heaped against the timber posterns of the building, and set on fire. Volumes of smoke roll to the sky, mingling with sheets of red flame. The huge pine-beams of the azotea catch the blaze, burn, crackle, and fall inwards, and in a short while the Presidio becomes a mass of smoking ruins!

But the red warriors have not waited for this. The revenge of their leader is not yet complete. It is not to the soldiers alone that he owes vengeance. He has sworn it to the citizens as well. The whole settlement is to be destroyed!

* * * * *

And well this oath was kept, for before the sun rose San Ildefonso was in flames. The arrow, and the spear, and the toma-

hawk, did their work; and men, women, and children, perished in hundreds under the blazing roofs of their houses!

With the exception of the Tagno Indians, few survived to tell of that horrid massacre. A few whites only—the unhappy father of Catalina among the rest—were permitted to escape, and carry their broken fortunes to another settlement.

That of San Ildefonso — town, Presidio, mission, haciendas, and ranchos—in the short space of twelve hours had ceased to exist. The dwellers of that lovely valley were no more!

* * * * *

It is yet but noon. The ruins of San Ildefonso are still smoking. Its former denizens are dead, but it is not yet unpeopled. In the Plazza stand hundreds of dusky warriors drawn up in hollow square, with their

faces turned inward. They are witnessing a singular scene—another act in the drama of their leader's vengeance.

Two men are mounted upon asses, and tied upon the backs of the animals. These men are stripped—so that their own backs are perfectly bare, and exposed to the gaze of the silent spectators! Though these men no longer wear their flowing robes, it is easy to distinguish them. Their close-cut hair and shaven crowns show who they are—the padrés of the mission!

Deep cuts the cuarto into their naked skin, loudly do they groan, and fearfully writhe. Earnestly do they beg, and pray their persecutors to stay the terrible lash. Their entreaties are unheeded.

Two white men, standing near, overlook the execution. These are Carlos the cibolero and Don Juan the ranchero.

The priests would move them to pity, but in vain. The hearts of those two men have been turned to stone.

"Remember my mother — my sister!" mutters Carlos.

"Yes, false priests—remember!" adds Don Juan.

And again is plied the cutting lash, until each corner of the Plazza has witnessed a repetition of the punishment!

Then the asses are led up in front of the parroquia—now roofless and black; their heads are fastened together, so that the backs of their riders are turned toward the spectators.

A line of warriors forms at a distance off—their bows are bent, and at a signal a flight of arrows goes whistling through the air.

The suffering of the padrés is at an end. Both have ceased to exist!

* * * * *

I have arrived at the last act of this terrible drama; but words cannot describe it. In horror it eclipses all the rest. The scene is La Niña—the top of the cliff—the sam spot where Carlos had performed his splendid feat on the day of San Juan.

Another feat of horsemanship is now to be exhibited. How different the actors — how different the spectators!

Upon the tongue that juts out, two men are seated upon horseback. They are not free riders, for it may be noticed that they are tied upon their seats. Their hands do not grasp a bridle, but are bound behind their backs; and their feet, drawn together under the bellies of their horses, are there spliced with rawhide ropes. To prevent turning in the saddle, other thongs, extending from strong leathern waist-belts, stay them to croup and pommel, and hold their bodies firm. Under such a

ligature no horse could dismount either without also flinging the saddle, and that is guarded against by the strongest girthing. It is not intended that these horsemen shall lose their seats until they have performed an extraordinary feat.

It is no voluntary act. Their countenances plainly tell that. Upon the features of both are written the most terrible emotions—craven cowardice in all its misery—despair in its darkest shadows!

Both are men of nearly middle age—both are officers in full uniform. But it needs not that to recognise them as the deadly enemies of Carlos—Vizcarra and Roblado. No longer now his enemies. They are his captives!

But for what purpose are they thus mounted? What scene of mockery is to be enacted? Scene of mockery! Ha! ha! ha!

Observe! *the horses upon which they sit*

are wild mustangs! Observe! *they are blinded with tapojos!*

For what purpose? You shall see.

A Tagno stands at the head of each horse, and holds him with difficulty. The animals are kept fronting the cliff, with their heads directed to the jutting point of La Niña.

The Indians are drawn up in line also facing to the cliff. There is no noise in their ranks. An ominous silence characterises the scene. In front is their chief mounted upon his coal-black steed; and upon him the eyes of all are fixed, as though they expected some signal. His face is pale, but its expression is stern and immobile. He has not yet reached the completion of his vengeance.

There are no words between him and his victims. All that has passed. They know their doom.

Their backs are towards him, and they see him not; but the Tagnos who stand by the horses' heads have their eyes fixed upon him with a singular expression. What do these expect? A signal.

In awful silence was that signal given. To the right and left sprang the Tagnos, leaving free the heads of the mustangs. Another signal to the line of mounted warriors, who, on receiving it, spurred their horses forward with a wild yell.

Their spears soon pricked the hips of the mustangs, and the blinded animals sprang towards the cliff!

The groans of agonised terror that escaped from their riders were drowned by the yells of the pursuing horsemen.

In a moment all was over. The terrified mustangs had sprung out from the cliff—had carried their riders into eternity!

The dusky warriors pulled up near the brink, and sat gazing upon each other in silent awe.

A horseman dashed to the front; and, poising his horse upon the very edge, looked down into the abysm. It was the White Chief.

For some moments he regarded the shapeless masses that lay below. He saw that they moved not. Men and horses were all dead—crushed, bruised, and shattered—a hideous sight to behold!

A deep sigh escaped him, as though some weight had been lifted from his heart, and, turning around, he muttered to his friend:—

"Don Juan! I have kept my oath—*she is avenged!*"

* * * * *

The setting sun saw that long line of

Indian warriors filing from the valley, and heading for the plain of the Llano Estacado. But they went not as they had come. They returned to their country laden with the plunder of San Ildefonso—to them the legitimate spoils of war.

The cibolero still rode at their head, and Don Juan the ranchero was by his side. The fearful scenes through which they had just passed, shadowed the brows of both; but these shadows became lighter as they dwelt on the prospect before them. Each looked forward to a happy greeting at the end of his journey.

Carlos did not remain long among his Indian friends. Loaded with the treasure they had promised, he proceeded farther east, and established a plantation upon the Red River of Louisiana. Here, in the company

of his beautiful wife, his sister, Don Juan, and some of his old servants, he led in after years a life of peace and prosperity.

Now and then he made hunting excursions into the country of his old friends the Wacoes —who were ever glad to see him again, and still hailed him as their chief.

Of San Ildefonso there is no more heard since that time. No settlement was ever after made in that beautiful valley. The Tagnos— released from the bondage which the padrés had woven around them — were but too glad to give up the half-civilisation they had been taught. Some of them sought other settlements, but most returned to their old habits, and once more became hunters of the plains.

Perhaps the fate of San Ildefonso might have attracted more attention in other times; but it occurred at a peculiar period in Spanish-American history. Just then the Spa-

nish power, all over the American continent, was hastening to its decline; and the fall of San Ildefonso was but one episode among many of a character equally dramatic. Near the same time fell Gran Quivira, Abo, Chilili, and hundreds of other settlements of note. Each has its story — each its red romance — perhaps far more interesting than that we have here recorded.

Chance alone guided our steps to the fair valley of San Ildefonso, — chance threw in our way one who remembered its legend — the legend of the *White Chief*.

EXPLANATORY NOTES.

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Vol. I.

"*Not a mountain to be seen!*"—Page 2.

There is nothing that can fairly be denominated a "mountain" lying to the eastward of the great Rocky Mountain range. The whole vast tract between that and the Mississippi—and indeed still further on to the almost parallel ridge of the Alleghanies—is a champaign country. Much of it is hilly or "rolling;" but in no part is it *mountainous;* and the chains known on maps as the "Ozark Mountains" and others do not deserve this character. They are only hills or elevated ridges. From this general statement must be excepted certain spurs, and even isolated "sierras," that run eastward from the Rocky Mountain chain, often to the distance of a hundred miles or more. Such are the Sierras *Waco* and *Guadalupe*, near the latitude of El Paso del Norte. It was, no doubt, by reports of these isolated chains that Humboldt was misled, when he created for us a branch of the great northern Andes extending from the neighbourhood of El Paso, and ending in the Ozark Mountains of Missouri! It is needless to say that no such branch

exists. It was one of the bold *guesses* of the great geognosist that after-research has proved to be fanciful. West of the Rocky Mountains the American continent assumes a very different aspect from that which characterises it on the east of this chain. There mountains are observed in every direction, and the traveller is astonished by their fantastic forms and groupings. The plains which lie between them, too, are more table-like ; and *piedmont*, or foot-hills, rarely exist. The mountain rises directly from the plain, either by a gentle declivity, or, in some instances, almost vertically. This character is also observed among some of the eastern spurs of the main chain, particularly in the latitude of Texas.

"*Sierra Blanca.*"—Page 2.

The Sierra Blanca is so called because the tops of this range are usually covered with snow. The snow of the Sierra Blanca is not "eternal." It only remains for about three parts of the year. Its highest peaks are below the snow-line of that latitude. Mountains that carry the eternal snow are by the Spanish Americans denominated "Nevada."

"*The Grand Prairie.*"—Page 2.

This name is somewhat indefinite, being applied by some to particular portions of prairie land. Among the hunters it is the general name given to the vast treeless region lying to the west of the tim-

bered country on the Mississippi. The whole longitudinal belt from the Lower Rio Grande to the Great Slave Lake is, properly speaking, the Grand Prairie; but the phrase has been used in a more restricted sense, to designate the larger tracts of open country, in contradistinction to the smaller prairies; such as those of Illinois and Louisiana, which last are separated from the true prairie country by wide tracts of timbered surface.

"*Settlements of Nuevo Mexico.*"—Page 3.

The settlements of New Mexico covered at one time a much wider extent of country than they do now. The Indians have been constantly narrowing the boundaries for the last fifty years. At present these settlements are almost wholly restricted to the banks of the Del Norte and a few tributary streams.

"*Gramma grass.*"—Page 3.

The *Chondrosium*, a beautiful and most nutritious herbage that covers many of the plains of Texas and North Mexico. There are several species of grass known among Mexicans as "gramma;" one in particular, the *Chondrosium fœneum*, as a food for horses, is but little inferior to oats.

"*The agave.*"—Page 4.

The *agave*, or "American aloe," is a characteristic plant of Mexican vegetation, though not met with in

that part of the continent east of the Mississippi; that is, within the old boundary of the United States. In the interior of the continent, and on to the western coast, the kingdom of the agave extends farther to the north. So do several other plants and animals of tropical character; so does the isothermal line, which latter fact may account for the former ones. In the interior of the continent the agave is found as far north as the parallel of 34° or 35°.

There are several species of this singular plant. The maguey (pronounce magay) is that which is cultivated in certain districts, and produces the *pulqué* (pronounced pulky). The leaves of this are of sombre-green colour, of large size; and differ altogether in appearance from those of the wild species. The *pita* is a variety of the agave, from which most excellent cordage and thread is manufactured. It is a component of the underwood of those extensive *chapparals* (jungles) which cover large tracts of the Mexican territory. Its long curving blades are usually of a mottled red, white, and green colour, as though sunburnt; and their margins are thickly set with thorns of a fish-hook shape; so that no ordinary pair of "overalls" can withstand them. This variety is usually found in a wild state in the midst of thickets, or standing by itself in the open ground. A fuller note upon this interesting plant is given in an appendix to the romance of the "Scalp-Hunters."

"*Yuccas.*"—Page 4.

Of these there are several varieties and distinct species found in Northern Mexico. Like the agave, they are tropical or sub-tropical. Species are found in Florida, and even as far north as the Carolinas; but they appear in full luxuriance upon the Rio Grande, and throughout the table-lands. Although their province is tropical, that is not exactly their character. They are rather a vegetation of tropic highlands or high plateaux, requiring a colder climate than the palms; to some species of which they bear a considerable resemblance.

As already stated, half-a-dozen species of yucca have been determined as indigenous to the region of the Rio Grande. Some are low plants, branching, as it were, out of the ground, and radiating in every direction, while others are raised upon thick stems to a height of forty feet, and carrying full heads of clumsy branches with terminal bunches of hard spiky leaves. Several of the species produce edible fruits.

"*Solitary palmetto.*"—Page 4.

The name "palmetto" is given throughout America to plants of a very different character. In some parts the arborescent yucca is so termed; while, in Cuba, the "mountain," or "cabbage-palm," is the palmetto.

"Palmilla" and "palmetto" (signifying little palm)

are Spanish-American designations for several species of yuccas and *Chamærops*.

"*Very grass carries its thorns!*"—Page 5.

A species of grass covering the desert plains of Northern Texas, and known as *mezquite* grass, is actually invested with jaggy spikes that, on rough handling, penetrate the skin. There are two varieties of mezquite grass—one only is thorny.

"*Cotton-wood.*"—Page 5.

The cotton-wood (*Populus angulatus*) is the tree of the prairie country *par excellence*. It is met with where no other timber grows, fringing the margins of the streams, or standing in groves. There are several varieties of populus, all known by the general name cotton-wood. The name is derived from the resemblance which the downy pollen of the seed-pods bears to cotton.

"*Live-oak.*"—Page 5.

Michaux, the French botanist, whose great work, the "Sylva Americana," is decidedly the best book yet published on the subject, has made a mistake in relation to the live oak (*Quercus virens*). He states that it only inhabits near the sea, and is not found beyond a hundred miles (if my memory serve me rightly) from the coast. This is an error. The live oak may be met with in valleys far in the interior of

Texas, and many hundred miles from the shores of the Gulf of Mexico.

"*Presidio.*"—Page 8.

The Presidio, or garrison, was the usual accompaniment of the mission. The missions in California, Sonora, New Mexico, and Texas—now nearly all in ruins—were not the private speculations of a particular religious sect. They were under the sanction and protection of the Spanish government; and to each mission a small garrison of soldiers was attached, to guard them against the hostility of the *Indios bravos*—those Indians who preferred remaining in their idolatry to becoming slaves or serfs of the missionaries. The soldiery were under the command of an officer or officers, whose authority was quite independent of the Padrés; and the barrack, or "Presidio," was a separate building, sometimes standing at a considerable distance from the mission-house. The "Pueblo," or town, was the offspring of both; and its mixed population consisted of discharged soldiers, their wives, and children—also of traders, hunters, neophytes of the mission, and civilised Indians. If a mining district, of course this formed still another source of population.

Such has been the origin of nearly all the frontier towns of North Mexico, as well as those of California. From very different sources spring up the towns upon

the eastern or American edge of the great wilderness!

"*Haciendados.*"—Page 8.

The owner of a "hacienda" (estate or large tract of land). The haciendado is the great proprietor in the country. The estates are larger or smaller; but several are celebrated for their immense extent. The traveller may sometimes make two or three good days' journey, all the while passing through the hacienda of a single proprietor. The term "hacienda" is sometimes applied to the great house or mansion, where the owner of the estate resides.

"*Live only in legends.*"—Page 9.

This is quite true. Within the last thirty or forty years whole settlements, containing large towns and villages, have been depopulated by the hostile Indians —Apaches, Navajoes, Utahs, Comanches, and Lipans —and scarce a trace remains even of their history. Several provinces, each of them as large as England, have returned to their original wildness, and become once more a hunting-field for the the aboriginal lords of the soil! I could very easily demonstrate, had I space, that were it not for the Anglo-American invasion from the east, the Indian would have pushed the Spaniard from off the continent of America in less than another century! This *destiny*, however, has

been altered. The strong hand of the Saxon, or rather the Celt (for America is *Celtic* not *Saxon*), has interfered in the quarrel, and will prevent the Indian from what might be practically termed a just retaliation upon the cruel conquerors of his race.

"*Cackle of his fighting-cock.*"—Page 11.

There is no exaggeration in all this. Every traveller in Mexico has witnessed such scenes, and many have borne testimony to these and similar facts. I have often seen the fighting chanticleer carried inside the church under the arm of its owner, while the latter entered to pray!

"*Fiestas principales.*"—Page 12.

The more noted Saints' days or religious festivals, as St. John's, Good-Friday, Guadalupe, &c., are so styled to distinguish them from the many others of lesser celebrity.

"*Tailing the bull.*"—Page 12.

"Bull-tailing" (*coleo de toro*) and "running the cock" (*correr el gallo*) are favourite sports in most parts of Mexico, but particularly in the Northern provinces. They were also Californian games while that country was Spano-Mexican.

"*The Apache.*"—Page 13.

One of the largest tribes of the "Indios bravos"

or wild Indians, *i.e.*, Indians who have never submitted to the Spanish yoke. Their country lies around the heads of the Gila, extending from that stream to the Del Norte, and down the latter to the range of another large and powerful tribe—the Comanches—also classed as "Indios bravos."

"*Familias principales.*"—Page 14.

The "first families," a United States phrase, is the synonyme of "familias principales" of Mexico.

"*Commerciante.*"—Page 14.

Merchant or extensive trader. Merchandise is not degrading in Mexico. The rich merchant may be one of the "familias principales." Although there is still an old *noblesse* in the Mexican republic, the titles are merely given by courtesy, and those who hold them are often outranked and eclipsed in style by the prosperous parvenu.

"*Alcalde.*"—Page 14.

Pronounced Alkaldé. The duties of the Alcalde are very similar to those of a magistrate or justice of the peace. Every village has its Alcalde, who is known by his large gold or silver-headed cane and tassel. In villages where the population is purely Indian, the Alcalde is usually either of Indian or mixed descent—often pure Indian.

"*Mode de Paris!*"—Page 14.

The upper classes in Mexico, particularly those who reside in the large cities, have discarded the very picturesque national costume, and follow the fashions of Paris. In all the large towns, French tailors, modistes, jewellers, &c., may be met with. The ladies wear French dresses, but without the bonnet. The shawl is drawn over the head, when it becomes necessary to cover it. The hideous bonnet is only seen upon foreign ladies residing in Mexico. The city gentleman of first-class wears a frock-coat, but the cloth jacket is the costume of the greater number. A long-tailed dress-coat is regarded as an *outré* affair, and never appears upon the streets of a Mexican town.

"*Gachupino.*"—Page 16.

A Spaniard of Old Spain. The term is used contemptuously by the natives, or Creoles (Criollos), of Mexico, who hate their Spanish cousins as the Americans hate Englishmen, and for a very similar reason.

"*Hija de algo.*"—Page 16.

Literally, "son of somebody." Hence the word *hidalgo*. The "blue blood" (*sangre azul*) is the term for pure blood or high birth.

"*Poblanas.*"—Page 16.

A *poblana* is, literally, a village girl or woman, but in a more specific sense it signifies a village belle, or beauty. It is nearly a synonyme of the Spanish "maja."

"*Don Juan Tenorio.*"—Page 16.

Don Juan Tenorio — a celebrated character of Spanish romance and drama. He is the original from which Byron drew his conception of Don Juan. He is the hero of a thousand love-scrapes and "*desafios,*" or duels. The drama of "Don Juan Tenorio" still keeps the Spanish stage, and Spaniards can hardly find words to express their admiration of its poetry. It requires two nights to play this piece, which is about twice the length of a regular five-act play.

"*Teniente.*"—Page 17.

"Lugar-teniente" is lieutenant in Spanish, but the "lugar" is left out, and "teniente" stands for the title of the subaltern.

"*Quien sabe?*"—Page 17.

A noted phrase which figures largely in Spanish dialogue. Literally, "Who knows?"

"*Gambucinos and rancheros.*"—Page 18.

Gambucino, a petty miner, who digs or washes gold on his own account. *Ranchero,* the dweller in a

rancho, or country hut. The ranchero class correspond pretty nearly to that known as "small farmers," though in Mexico they are more often graziers than agriculturists.

"*Enaguas.*"—Page 18.

Sometimes written "nagua,"—the petticoat usually of coarse blue or red cotton stuff, with a list of white or some other colour forming the top part.

"*Reboso.*"—Page 19.

The scarf of greyish or slaty blue, worn by all women in Mexico, except the ladies of the Upper Ten Thousand, who use it only on occasions.

"*Allegria.*"—Page 19.

A singular custom prevails among the women of New Mexico, of daubing their faces all over with the juice of a berry called by them the "allegria," which gives them anything but a charming look. The juice is of a purplish red colour, somewhat like that of blackberries. Some travellers allege that it is done for ornament, as the Indians use vermilion and other pigments. This is not a correct explanation. The "allegria" is used by the New Mexican belles to preserve the complexion, and get it up towards some special occasion, such as a grand *fiesta* or "fandango," when it is washed off, and the skin comes out clear and free from "tan." The "allegria" is the well-known

"poke-weed" of the United States (*Phytolacca decandra.*)

"*Sombrero.*"—Page 19.

The black *glaze* hat with low crown and broad leaf is a universal favourite throughout Mexico. It is often worn several pounds in weight, and that, too, under a hot tropic sun. Some sort of gold or silver lace-band is common, but frequently this is of heavy bullion, and costly.

"*Pueblos.*"—Page 20.

There are many towns in New Mexico inhabited exclusively by "Pueblos," a name given to a large tribe of civilised Indians,—*Indios mansos* (tame Indians) such tribes are called, to distinguish them from the *Indios bravos*, or savages, who never acknowledged the sway of the Spanish conquerors.

"*Peons.*"—Page 21.

The labouring serfs of the country are *peons.* They are not slaves by the wording of the political law, but most of them are in reality slaves by the law of debtor and creditor.

"*Petates,*" *&c.*—Page 22.

A "petate" is a small mat about the size of a blanket, woven out of palm-strips, or bulrushes, according to the district; it is the universal bed of the Mexican peasant. *Tuñas* and *pitahayas* are fruits of

different species of cactus. *Sandias* are water-melons. *Dulces*, preserves. *Agua-miel* and *limonada*, refreshing drinks peculiar to Mexico. *Piloncillos*, loaves of coarse brown sugar, met with in all parts of Mexico, and very much like the maple-sugar of the States. *Tortillas*, the often-described daily bread of the Mexican people. *Chile colorado*, red pepper. *Ollas*, earthen pots of all sizes — almost the only sort used in the Mexican kitchen. *Atole*, a thin gruel resembling flour and water, but in reality made out of the finer dust of the maize, boiled and sweetened. *Piñole*, parched maize mixed with water and sweetened. *Clacos*, copper cents, or halfpence,—the copper coin of Mexico. *Punche*, a species of native grown tobacco. *Aguardiente*, whisky distilled from maize, or sometimes from the aloe—literally, *agua ardiente*, hot or fiery water. It is the common whisky of the country, and a vile stuff in most cases.

"*Huge screen.*"—Page 23.

These great parasols of mat are characteristic objects in every Mexican *plazza*, or market-place. They protect the huckster and his or her wares from the heat of the sun.

"*Vaqueros and ciboleros.*"—Page 23.

The vaquero is a cattle-herd, from "*vaca*," a cow. He is a horseman, however, and usually a bold and fine rider. Cattle-herding is a very different affair in

Mexico to the same occupation on an English farm. There the herd sometimes numbers ten thousand head. The Spanish breed of cattle is, moreover, of a wilder sort, and there is some danger in dealing with them. Hence the vaquero is never a-foot. His office is performed in the saddle, and not unfrequently both he and his horse are put to flight by an angry and untractable bull. The *cibolero* is the buffalo-hunter of the frontier settlements — so called from "*cibolo*," the Mexican appellation for the bison.

"*Carretas.*"—Page 27.

Rude carts drawn by oxen. The wheels are solid blocks of wood, usually cut from the cotton-wood tree, and rarely rounded to a perfect circle. A strong axle and pole, with the rudest kind of boxing placed over them, complete the carreta. It is about the most primitive of all wheeled vehicles, and its ungreased axle gives out a series of notes that would drive a nervous man into fits.

"*Corral.*"—Page 27.

A space enclosed with a fence or wall is termed a "corral." It is a cattle-pen.

"*Lazoes.*"—Page 28.

Ropes of horsehair, or raw-hide, with a ring at one end or loophole, by which a running noose can easily be made. A first-rate lazo is usually fifteen or twenty

yards in length. Its use is too well known to require description. The orthography of the word is varied. Lazo, lasso, are both used. Lariat, laryette, from the Spanish *la riata*, are synonymous.

"*Mustang*."—Page 34.

The wild horses of the prairies are called "musteños" by the Mexicans; by the Americans, "mustangs." They are nearly all of the small Andalusian breed—in fact, the descendants of the Spanish horse, imported at the time of the conquest, and the race now in use throughout Spanish America. The large American horse has but lately crossed the meridian of the Mississippi, and is only occasionally met with in a wild state—a runaway, or the descendant of one, from some travelling party or settlement.

"*Serapé*."—Page 34.

The universal garment of Mexico. The serapé is simply a sort of blanket, woven in pattern, with gay colours. It is carried in the hand—over the arm in fine weather—sometimes knotted scarf-like over one shoulder, and sometimes strapped on the pommel of the saddle. When the weather becomes cold, or in time of rain, the head is passed through a slit in the centre of the serapé, and its four corners hang down to the knees. All classes carry a serapé, except the broad-cloth gentry of the towns, and these, too, when travelling. The *manga* is a richer and more expensive garment.

It resembles a cloak, but differs also from that. It is often of scarlet, or sky-blue, or purple colour, laced and broidered along the edges and around the throat-piece. It has a graceful and peculiar toga-like hang about it, and is a decidedly tasteful affair. A manga sometimes costs 20*l.*!

"*Carrambo!*"—Page 35.

A mild exclamation. "*Carajo!*" is less delicate. The former is often pronounced by ladies. The latter is the shibboleth of the lowest vulgar. *Mira!* (behold!) *Bravo! Viva!* expressions of applause.

"*Onzas.*"—Page 45.

Doubloons. The "onza" (ounce), or "doblone," is in value about 3*l.* 15*s.*, or 17 dollars. It is the current gold coin of Mexico.

"*Rico.*"—Page 45.

"Rico," literally rich man, is the phrase in Mexico corresponding to our millionnaire.

"*Americano.*"—Page 48.

It is somewhat curious that the name "Americano" is given to the people of the United States by all Spanish Americans. The inhabitants of Mexico call themselves Mexican; those of Peru, Peruvians; of Chili, Chileños: but the name Americano is used only

in reference to the Anglo-American race. One might read "manifest destiny" in this exclusive application of the title.

"*Tagnos.*"—Page 48.

The Tagnos were at one time a large tribe of Indians inhabiting the northern and eastern parts of New Mexico. They, like the Pueblos, became Christianised after the conquest. They are now merged among the half-civilised populations of that country, or exist only as a remnant.

"*God Quetzalcoatl.*"—Page 48.

The Pueblos, Apaches, Comanches, Navajoes, and other New Mexican tribes, believe themselves descendants of Moctezuma (not Montezuma). In some of these tribes an "estufa," or large room, is still to be met with where a fire is constantly kept burning to the god Quetzalcoatl. This strange ceremony, and some others, practised among these northern tribes, as also their legendary belief, certainly connect them with the Azteques of the valley of Mexico.

"*Zequia.*"—Page 51.

Written also "acequia," an artificial canal used in Mexico for irrigation. *Zanca*, a drain or trench filled with water.

"*Muchachito.*"—Page 58.

Muchacho, a little boy; *muchachito*, the diminutive of muchacho.

"*Dios de mi alma!*"—Page 64.

An exclamation of the Mexican women. It is translatable thus: "God of my soul!" *Santissima Virgen! Por Dios! Ay de mi!* are all interjections with which the Spano-Mexican dialogue is thickly interlarded.

"*Monté table.*"—Page 72.

Monté is the Mexican national game. It is played with ordinary (Spanish) cards, and upon a table or cloth marked for the purpose. During certain festivals nearly every one plays a little at monté, and a stranger visiting Mexico at such times would believe that the whole of the people were gamblers. So travellers have alleged. Perhaps there is less gambling in Mexico than in England. In the latter it is upon horses, not cards, that the bets are laid. "*Chuza*" is another Mexican game, played principally among the ladies.

"*Representative of the Church.*"—Page 73.

They who are unacquainted with the priest-life of Spanish-American countries will believe these state-

ments libellous or exaggerated. Such incredulous readers are referred to the regular books of travel upon Mexico.

"*Adios.*"—Page 76.

"Adios," literally "to God," is the usual word of parting, and also when two persons meet it is used. It is the synonyme of "Adieu" when used in its former sense; but it also corresponds to "How do you do?"

"*Vaya!*"—Page 78.

Literally "Go!" but used also, and frequently, as an interjection without any particular meaning attached.

"*Calzoneros.*"—Page 81.

The overalls or trousers are "calzoneros." They are usually of velveteen, or soft leather, with bottoms of a stiff leather stamped ornamentally. They are open along the outer seam nearly to the waist, and are worn open in fine weather. When it is cold they can be closed by rows of bright buttons, usually of the castle-top pattern, and often of the precious metals.

It is proper to use the word "calzoneros," as there is no English word for the same style of garment. Calzoneros, strictly speaking, are not "inexpressibles."

"*Calzoncillos*" are the white cotton (sometimes fine linen) drawers that in Oriental width hang under

the calzoneros, and may be seen through the open seam.

"*Great bit.*"—Page 82.

The ordinary Mexican bit is that known as a "Mameluke." It is a perfect jaw-breaker, and brings a horse to his haunches with the slightest effort of the rider. It requires tender handling. The bridle-reins used by the Mexicans are usually of plaited hair, often ornamented with tassels and tags of silver, or even gold!

Iron stirrups are almost unknown to the Mexican horsemen. Large wooden blocks, with holes cut for the feet, serve in place of steel. They are clumsy to the English eye, the more so with a triangle-shaped flap of strong leather attached to them, and reaching below the foot. But all this has its use, when we consider the perils which foot and ankle have to undergo among the fish-hook claws of the cactus and the wild aloe.

"*A Don.*"—Page 90.

As far as words go, and gesticulations, there is not upon the earth a politer people than the Mexicans. Two peasants on meeting, mutually salute, by taking off their hats, and styling each other as Don this and Don that. Sometimes a long conversation is carried on with the hats still held in hand, and the number of little compliments at parting extends to the length of a dialogue itself.

"*Sangre azul.*"—Page 90.

Blue blood. Fine blood or family.

"*Wine from El Paso.*"—Page 91.

El Paso has long been a vine-growing district. The grape reaches high perfection at this point on the Del Norte, and the wine, though made in the rudest manner, is excellent. But that El Paso is inaccessible to commerce, the juice of its grape would soon become better known. The projected Pacific railway, and the American migration setting towards this province, will extend the cultivation of the vine of El Paso.

"*Fandangüeros.*"—Page 94.

Those who take part in the balls of the lower classes styled "fandangos."

"*Derechos.*"—Page 96.

Dues—duties.

"*Rancheras.*"—Page 101.

Wives of rancheros, or, in general, women who live in a rancho, or country cottage.

"*Gracias, Cavallero!*"—Page 102.

"Thanks, Sir!" The word "gracias" is ever upon the tongue of this polite people. Pronounced by a pretty poblana, it has a sound inimitably sweet.

"*Macheté.*"—Page 103.

Half sword, half knife. A weapon to be met with in every Mexican house. It has a blade about two feet long, with a horn handle. It is useful for cutting brushwood, and in war-time is turned into a sword.

"*Quirts.*"—Page 104.

A whip without handle. The thick end is wrapped around the hand, and those accustomed to the use of it can make the long lash play with severity. "*Cuarto*" is its Spanish name—*quirt* the American translation.

"*Coyoté.*"—Page 105.

The barking-wolf (*Lupus latrans*). He is found throughout all Mexico, and upon the prairies is the *prairie-wolf*. This species is not known east of the meridian of the Mississippi. Travellers, and some naturalists, give him the name of *cajoté*, or *cojoté*. He is less than the American wolf, and his voice differs from the latter. The cry of the coyoté is a bark thrice repeated, and ending in a howl of the most woeful import. The fox is less cunning than the coyoté.

"*Cofre.*"—Page 108.

Box—alms-box. *Peseta*, quarter dollar. *Real*,

twelve and a half cents. *Cuartello,* half-real. These are the small current silver coins of Mexico.

"*Fandango.*"—Page 110.

The fandango, in its strictest sense, means a ball of the lower classes, in which rough dancing is introduced. Formerly the fandango was the name of a particular dance. The word is applied also to any ball; and in a still more general way, any remarkable occurrence, such as a fight, or even a battle, is jocularly termed a "fandango."

"*Casa de Cabildo.*"—Page 111.

The house in which the municipal authorities meet to transact business is so called. *Cabildo* is the corporation.

"*The Plazza.*"—Page 111.

All Mexican towns have a public square centrally situated, and known as the Plazza. In villages the market is always in the Plazza, but in some of the larger cities a separate market-place is erected. Of course in the larger towns there are several open squares or plazzas, but they have distinctive names, as the "Plazza de Santiago," "Plazza de Guadalupe," &c. The main plazza is that one around which stand the cathedral or principal church, the government buildings, and the best shops. It is sometimes styled "Plazza Real," and in republican times "Plazza

Nacional." The towns of Mexico are all built on the rectangular plan.

"*Salon de baile.*"—Page 111.

Dancing saloon.

"*Aldeana.*"—Page 111.

Village girl, or woman of the humbler classes.

"*Ganada.*"—Page 112.

Cattle-farm. Some of these in Northern Mexico number their stock by thousands of head.

"*Leperos.*"—Page 113.

A "lepero" in Mexico is not a *leper* in the specific sense of the word. Any ragged fellow is styled a lepero. It is the synonyme of rabble.

"*Banqueta.*"—Page 116.

In most Mexican houses, public or private, a banqueta of brick-work is built along one or more sides of the rooms. With *petates* placed upon this it serves to seat the inmates, and at night it is used extensively as a bedstead. The banqueta is about the height of an ordinary bench, whose place it supplies.

"*Tuya.*"—Page 118.

The tuya of Spanish America is the cedar (*Juni-*

perus Virginiana). Tuya is also Spanish for "yours." Hence the sprig being thus used as an emblem.

"*Jaqueta*."—Page 118.

Literally jacket; but the jaqueta of Mexico more resembles the old spenser or jerkin than a modern broadcloth jacket.

"*Rejas*."—Page 119.

There are no glazed windows in Mexico, if we except the houses of a few "ricos." Bars of iron set longitudinally are the defence—not against cold, but thieves. This iron work is called "reja." Transparent plates of selenite—of which there exists a great deal among the New Mexican mountains—are often used by the natives as a substitute for glass.

"*Mezquite*."—Page 121.

Mezquite is a name given to two species of the acacia family, which are characteristic trees or bushes of Texas, New Mexico, and, in short, of all the southern division of the prairie land. One of the species rises to a respectable height, and might be termed a tree; the other grows as a bush of the thicket. They are, of course, leguminous plants, and produce a bean that is greedily eaten by horses, mules, and cattle. Man sometimes has recourse to it in extreme cases of hunger. The name is not of modern application. It was obtained from the Indians in the

time of Columbus, and, if I am not mistaken, it was in use among the Indians of the islands as well.

There is a *mezquite grass* — the thorny variety already noticed.

" *Canons.*"—Page 121.

Huge clefts through a ridge of hills or a mountain, which appear as if channelled or artificially cut out, are called cañons (cañones) by the Spano-Mexicans.

" *Rain seems to fall by accident.*"—Page 122.

There are portions of the Great American Desert where rain does not fall sometimes for years.

" *On European coasts.*"—Page 123.

A beautiful formation of this kind, known as the " Murlough Banks," exists upon the Irish coast, between Dundrum Bay and the most northerly spur of the finest range of mountains in this kingdom—the Mourne.

" *Canadian.*"—Page 124.

Canadian is a misnomer. This river was called " Cañada " by the Spanish explorers, which signifies the river of the glens, or cañons, from the number of cañons cut out for its channel. From the similarity of the word to Canada, the Americans have changed its

original name to Canadian — a pity, as the Spanish name is more beautiful and significant.

"*Pecos.*"—Page 124.

The Pecos is incorrectly placed upon all maps that date up to the present year. The name is obtained from the tribe of Pecos Indians — now nearly extinct — who once dwelt in great numbers upon its head-waters to the eastward of Santa Fé. These Indians claimed descent from Moctezuma; and it is positively known that they kept up their sun-worship and sacred fire to the period of their extinction a few years ago. A remnant still exists, but these have incorporated themselves with a kindred tribe living to the west of the Del Norte.

"*Louisiana Red.*"—Page 125.

The Red River of Louisiana was long believed to have its source in the Rocky Mountains. This idea is now exploded. No head-water of this stream approaches within several hundred miles of the great chain. On the eastern edge of the Staked Plain the head-streams of the Red River have their source. So also those of the Brazos and Colorado of Texas.

"*Jornada.*"—Page 126.

Pronounce *Hornada.* Jornada is a day's journey, but there is a distinction made between the journey of a mule-train — "jornada de atajo," and a horse's journey

—"jornada de cavallo;" the former being about fifteen miles, while the latter is nearly double that distance.

"*Comancheros.*"—Page 127.

Mexicans engaged in trading with the Comanche Indians are so styled.

"*Escopettes.*"—Page 129.

A short gun called "escopeta" is very plentiful throughout Mexico. It is usually a razeed musket, with swivels and sling, so as to render it convenient for mounted men.

"*With Mexican brands!*"—Page 130.

For the last twenty years a continual system of pillage has been carried on by several prairie tribes upon the Mexican settlements. Not only have the red-skinned robbers carried off horses, but captives, until several thousand women and children are now in their hands,—all of Spanish or semi-Spanish lineage. Nearly all the horses and cattle possessed by the Comanche tribe have been stolen, or rather "rieved," from the citizens of the Mexican Republic. But what may seem singular to those who are unacquainted with the Mexican character, the citizens of one province encourage these forays upon another by purchasing their spoil from the Indian freebooters. The people of New Mexico frequently bargain with the Apaches for horses and cattle, which the latter have

taken from the Mexicans of Sonora; those of Sonora buy the stolen goods of Chihuahua; and the Chihuahueños have a receiving house for plunder from Sonora, or the Lower Rio Grande! In Mexico all cattle are "branded," or stamped with the private mark of the owner, burnt in the skin with a hot iron. This mark remains for life, and as an animal frequently changes masters several brands may be seen, very damaging to the look of a fine horse.

"*Atajo of pack-mules.*"—Page 133.

"Atajo" is the name given to a string or train of pack-mules, usually the property of one individual, and hired by the journey or job.

"*Sandalled feet.*"—Page 133.

The civilised Indians—that is, the "Indios mansos," who form the bulk of Mexican population—still wear the sandal or go barefoot. The sandal, called "guarache," is merely a piece of sole leather, cut somewhat to the shape of the foot-print, and tied around the ankle by thongs of raw-hide. It is worn only by the pure Indians, and principally by those living in the country or the villages.

"*Arriero.*"—Page 133.

"Muleteer,"—a class of men renowned for honesty and other virtues, that are somewhat rare in their country. As there are few roads in Mexico that can

be travelled by wheeled vehicles, the pack-mule becomes an important means of transport, and, of course, the class of men who follow mule-driving exists in considerable numbers.

"*Spanish beans.*"—Page 135.

The black variety of the French or kidney-bean, called "frijoles," is the favourite of the Mexican kitchen. These beans are cooked with a little lard, which gives them a relish, and are eaten along with the "tortilla," or corn-cake, so often described. Frijoles, tortillas, and Chilé peppers, form the staple food of nine-tenths of the population of Mexico. There are several varieties of the Chilé (*Capsicum annuum*) cultivated in Mexico, and used in the *cuisine* of that nation.

"*Spanish knives.*"—Page 135.

The common kitchen knife of Spanish manufacture differs essentially from that used in England or America. It has a long thin blade, wide at the base, but tapering to a sharp point, and quite as available for a stiletto as for carving a joint. Altogether it is an ugly-looking weapon, and ugly use is often made of it among the passionate leperos. It is found among the Indians of the western prairies, who of course obtained it from their Spanish neighbours; and although I have never met with such a knife either in the United States or England, I believe it is manu-

factured in the latter country — in Birmingham or Sheffield.

"*Mesa.*"—Page 135.

Literally "table." A word applied to certain hills, with flat, table-like tops, existing throughout North Mexico. This formation is characteristic of the desert region of America, and particularly of the vast uninhabited tracts west of the Rio Del Norte. South Africa also exhibits a similar geological character, of which "Table Mountain" is a good illustrative specimen.

"*Buffalo had appeared.*"—Page 136.

These animals are not periodical in their migrations, though there is a pretty regular setting in towards the southern prairies when the grass fails them to the north. There are many circumstances, however, to affect their wanderings,— as the drought, the drive of the Indian hunters, and wars among the tribes.

"*Brazos and Colorado.*"—Page 136.

The two principal rivers of Texas. Colorado is a very general name for Spanish American rivers. The word signifies "red," and the name is applied to such streams as are of a red colour. In Mexican territory there are quite a number of rivers bearing this title; the great Colorado of the western desert — that of

Texas, the "Red" of Louisiana, and a large river, a tributary of the Canadian, is also styled Colorado. The Colorado of Texas is a misnomer — a mistake of the Anglo-American settlers. It is *not* one of the red-water streams, while the Brazos *is*. The truth is, that the names of these two rivers have been exchanged by mistake. The Brazos of the present time is the Colorado, and *vice versâ*. The name Brazos, or, more fully, "Brazos de Dios" (arm of God), was given by the early Spanish missionaries. Its origin is an interesting legend. It is this. When the mission upon the San Saba fell from an attack of hostile Indians, only one priest escaped the massacre. He fled towards the Brazos, and was pursued by the savages. Having arrived at the river he forded it easily, and succeeded in reaching San Antonio de Bexar in safety. But the pursuing Indians were all drowned in the stream, or were found lying dead upon the bank, as if suddenly struck down by the "arm of God." Hence the name afterwards given to the river. This paraphrase of Pharaoh's unsuccessful fording of the Red Sea no doubt had its effect upon the simple neophytes of the San Antonian missions.

"*Kiawas, Lipans, and Tonkewas.*"—Page 136.

"Kiawas," in Mexican orthography "Caigüas," are a small, but warlike tribe, inhabiting the prairie of the eastward of the Del Norte. They are allies of the Comanches. The Lipans are more numerous,

though greatly reduced of late. They dwell upon the Lower Rio Grande, and have their stronghold in the singular mountain-girdled valley of the Bolson Mapimi. They regularly plunder the Mexican settlements of New Leon and Coahuila. They are also allies of the Comanches. So are the Tonkewas, another small remnant of Texan Indians. The Wacoes are a warlike band of Indians inhabiting northern Texas near the Trinity and Red Rivers. They range among the "Cross Timbers." The Pānés or Pawnees are well-known Indians, whose head-quarters are still farther to the north, upon the Platte river; but who make frequent horse-stealing expeditions to the southern prairies. They and the Comanches are sworn foes. The Osages are found upon the Osage river, but are also nomades, who make distant expeditions for hunting or plunder. The Cherokees are now a semi-civilised tribe, 30,000 in number, whose country is part of the "Indian territory," on the Arkansas. But several small bands that long since seceded from the "nation" follow a hunter life, and roam through the prairies of Texas. The Kickapoos are a remnant, also transported to the Indian territory, but who still incline to the wild hunter life.

"*Bow and lance.*"—Page 138.

The buffalo is best hunted on horseback; consequently, the arrow is readier than the leaden bullet, by reason of the difficulty of reloading the rifle. Of

course, the aim is not considered where the object is at no greater distance than a few feet. Indeed, a common horse or holster pistol is a better weapon than a rifle in buffalo-hunting. Some hunters prefer a long spear to either bow or gun.

"*Caravan.*"—Page 138.

This Oriental name is used on the western prairies. Any travelling party with wheeled vehicles crossing the great plains is styled a "caravan."

"*Pecan—overcup.*"—Page 140.

The *pecan*, pronounced "pecawn," is a small tree of the hickory family (*Carya olivæformis*) bearing an olive-shaped nut. It grows in the south-western States, and throughout Texas it is in some places a characteristic tree. The nut is well flavoured and forms an article of traffic in the Mississippi valley. The "overcup" is a species of oak belonging to the same region as the pecan. Its name is derived from the cup-like burr that grows over the acorn. The "hackberry," sometimes called hagberry or hogberry, with a variety of other names, is the "*Celtis occidentalis*" of botanists.

"*Buffalo grass.*"—Page 141.

A grass which on some prairies forms the favourite pasturage of the buffalo. It is a species of Sesleria (*S. dactyloides*).

"*Roads*"—"*wallows.*"—Page 141.

Buffalo-roads are a feature of the prairies. They sometimes present the appearance of immense highways trodden by countless herds of cattle. Often they are sunk below the level of the surrounding plain, the rain-water having carried away the loosened earth. Buffalo "wallows" are shallow, circular holes, caused by the animals when "wallowing." A curious habit which these quadrupeds indulge in. They lie down upon the plain, and using their shoulder as a pivot, spin themselves around for several minutes at a time. The circular excavation is thus formed, and during seasons of rain these little basins form reservoirs for water, out of which the buffaloes themselves drink. Thus these animals may be said "to dig their own wells," though the motive of their doing so is to get rid of the "ticks" and flies that in hot weather greatly annoy them.

"*Arroyo.*"—Page 142.

Creek or rivulet.

"*Tasajo.*"—Page 143.

Meat preserved without salt, by being smoked or sun-dried, is called "tasajo" (pronounced *tasaho*). Most of the meat used by the country people of Mexico is "tasajo."

"*Buffalo-eaters.*"—Page 145.

One branch of the Comanche nation is called the "Buffalo-eaters," because they dwell in a district much frequented by buffaloes, and subsist entirely upon the flesh of these animals.

"*Women and boys.*"—Page 147.

It is needless to observe that the women do all the drudgery work. The men having hunted and slain the buffaloes, take no further part in the business. The skinning, cutting up, and carrying the meat to camp, is all done by the "fair sex." Such drudgery would degrade their noble lords.

"*Amigo.*"—Page 149.

Most of the prairie Indians—particularly those of the south and west—understand a few words of Spanish. This points to the earlier occupation of these regions by the Spanish race. These Indians will now become acquainted with a very different language—the Anglo-Saxon.

"*Mulada.*"—Page 151.

Mulada, a drove of mules. *Caballada* or *cavallada,* a drove of horses; hence our "Cavalcade." *Manada,* a band of mares.

"*Estampeda.*"—Page 158.

The sudden alarm produced among horses or cattle, leading to a general scattering of the drove, is called "estampeda" by the Mexicans. This word is rendered "stampede" in Anglo-American.

"*Bulta.*"—Page 159.

Bale or package of goods.

"*Horse-Indians.*"—Page 165.

Only some tribes of prairie Indians are in possession of horses, and use them for all purposes. There are other tribes that hunt and go to war on foot; but the Comanches, Apaches, and southern tribes, have long accustomed themselves to the horse, and scarcely ever walk upon any business. If they move but a few hundred yards, it is done upon horseback. In equitation they even excel the Arabs of the Desert.

"*The tonsure of his hair.*"—Page 174.

The shaving the scalp is a practice confined to the Pānés, Osages, and a few other tribes. The Comanches, Apaches, and other prairie Indians, wear their hair in all its luxuriance, and even add to it by "splicing." Among those who shave the hair the central part of the crown is left unshaven, and a long lock growing from this reserved portion is the "scalp-lock."

"*His long spear.*"—Page 184.

The spear or lance is in full use among the prairie Indians, both as a weapon of war and for the chase. It has, no doubt, been adopted along with the horse from their Spanish conquerors.

"*Was of iron.*"—Page 194.

At the early period of our story iron-headed arrows were still a rarity among the prairie Indians. Even to this day the flint-heads are common among some tribes who dwell remote from the whites.

"*Mulera.*"—Page 202.

The "mulera," or bell-mule, is a steady old mule that goes in advance of the atajo, and acts as the guide of the others, that will all follow whenever the bell is heard. A mare is oftener used for the purpose than a mule.

"*Bolsa.*"—Page 203.

Purse.

"*It was gold.*"—Page 203.

Gold dust is found among the Comanches and some other Texan tribes. This points to the existence either of gold-mines or placers within Texan territory.

"*Pucheros, guisados.*"—Page 204.

The "puchero" is a dish of many ingredients, though it is not the famous "olla podrida," as asserted by travellers. "Puchero" answers to our boiled meat and cabbage, and these are its essential elements, though a bit of fowl, a boiled pear, "garbanzos" (a species of pea), pumpkins, and carrot, parsnip or turnip, may all be found in the mixture. It is a common dish on the tables of the wealthier and middle-class Mexicans. "Guisado" is a stew or hash, and may be of many kinds, according to the meat or fowl composing it.

"*Canario.*"—Page 205.

The wines here mentioned are the kinds most drunk in Mexico. *Canario*, canary; *Xeres*, sherry; *Bordeos*, Bordeaux (claret); *Catalan*, or Catalan brandy, is a yellow or golden-coloured whisky—not unpalatable when of good quality. "Cordials" are much relished by the Mexicans; and maraschino, curaçoa, noyeaux, may be found in all their liquor-shops. Upon the whole, however, the Mexicans are a sober nation.

"*La gracia Andalusiana.*"—Page 206.

The superior gracefulness of the people of Andalusia is admitted by all Spaniards and Spanish

Americans, and the above phrase is a proverbial expression.

"*Guadalaxareñas.*"—Page 206.

No females in the world have smaller feet than those of Mexico — the artificial feet of the Chinese ladies of course, excepted. Even the peasant girl of Mexico stands upon the prettiest little pedestals, and knows it well. The consequence is, that long dresses can never become a fashion in that country. The ladies of Guadalaxara have got the name of being even smaller-footed than the rest of their country-women.

"*Güero.*"—Page 210.

A fair person with light or red hair. Such is rare in all parts of Mexico; and both güero and güera, if at all handsome, are great favourites with the respective opposite sexes.

"*Boracho.*"—Page 213.

Intoxicated, drunk. "Embriaguado" is another term used to express the same condition—a somewhat rare one among Mexicans of the better class.

"*Querido camarado.*"—Page 217.

My dear comrade.

"*Fence of columnar cacti.*"—Page 225.

Many of the "ranchos," or cottages of the poorer

Mexicans, are enclosed by this singular kind of fence. It makes a pleasant picture.

"*Adobe.*"—Page 226.

The sun-dried brick, or adobe, is larger than our burnt bricks. It is in use for building all over the *tierra templada* of Mexico. In the *tierra caliente*, where it is hot, a lighter structure of canes, or poles, and palm-thatch, is preferred.

"*The only house.*"—Page 231.

In the poorest huts of the Mexican peasantry you will not fail to find some prints of saints stuck against the wall, and regarded with reverence. Guadalupe, Remedios, Dolores, and the "Niña de Atocha," are prime favourites.

"*Pelados.*"—Page 234.

A name literally signifying "naked fellows." "Ragamuffins" may be taken as its synonyme.

"*Carga.*"—Page 235.

A mule-load is a "carga."

"*Comal.*"—Page 237.

Scottice, griddle. The Scotch griddle is of circular form. The "comal" is only a thick plate of metal of any form. Often a flat stone, heated over the fire, serves for a comal.

"*Brazero.*"—Page 246.

A little vessel or brazier for holding coals to light the cigar, is met with in nearly every hut in Mexico. In the houses of the ricos this vessel is of silver, not unfrequently of gold.

"*Margaritas.*"—Page 252.

Margarita, literally pearl, has an offensive meaning among the Mexicans, and is used when speaking of women of low character.

"*Saguan.*"—Page 254.

The part of the great gateway of a Mexican house where the porter sits—that is, the alley by which you enter the *patio*, or inside court—is termed the saguan, or zaguan.

"*Alcahuete.*"—Page 272.

The Spanish name of that horrid character known as a "go-between."

"*War-paint and costume.*"—Page 282.

War-costume among the Southern Indians is a costume approaching complete nudity. The *breech-cloth* is about the "only garment" worn upon a war-expedition.

"*En paz.*"—Page 284.

A treaty of peace is every now and then made between the "Indios bravos" and the Mexican provincial governments. During such treaties the Indians are said to be *en paz*. They generally remain *en paz* only so long as it suits their convenience.

"*Thousands of their countrywomen.*"—Page 286.

No exaggeration in this—a stern and painful fact.

"*Mezcaleros.*"—Page 290.

Like the Comanches, the Apache tribe is divided into several sub-tribes or bands, as "Coyoteros," eaters of the prairie-wolf; "Mezcaleros," eaters of the *mezcal*, or wild aloe, &c.

"*Azotea.*"—Page 293.

The flat roof of a Mexican house is the azotea. It is a place of resort for the inmates. In large dwellings the azotea, in cool weather, is the pleasantest part of the house.

"*Fine stockings.*"—Page 299.

A luxury indulged in only by the very richest dames of Mexico. Upon the peasant girls, and even those of a higher grade, stockings are never seen, except on some rare occasion.

"*War-trail.*"—Page 304.

Such is the name given to the paths made by the prairie Indians on their war expeditions. Many of these *war-trails* cross the Rio Grande at different points leading southward into the settled parts of Mexico. Some of them have the appearance of great highways much traversed by horses and cattle; and the bones of these animals may be seen strewed along the route — the bones of such as have perished by the way, or have been killed to feed the hungry robbers who drive them.

VOL. II.

"*The Yutas.*"—Page 11.

Sometimes written Utahs or Eutaws. A strong tribe living around the head-waters of the Del Norte and to the north of the New Mexican settlements, which they often harry at will.

"*Beards on their faces.*"—Page 13.

Among the Indians beards are rare, though sometimes a considerable quantity of hair is seen upon the face. For the most part the beard is eradicated, as well as the hair upon the eyebrows—such symptoms

of manhood not being fashionable among the American aborigines.

"*Zopilotes.*"—Page 24.

Two species of vulture bear this name in Mexico —the "turkey buzzard" (*Cathartes aura,*) and "carrion crow" (*C. atratus*). They are the common vultures of the North American continent, and so like each other that a practised eye only can tell the difference, when they are at a short distance.

"*Buenas dias.*"—Page 36.

Good day. "Buenas dias!" is the salutation of the morning and fore part of the day. "Buenas tardes," good evening, is the parole of the afternoon. Good morning, "buena mañana," is not in use. "Buenas noches," good night, is an expression not of salutation, but of parting.

"*Paisana.*"—Page 37.

Peasant, or rather a woman of the country: from "pais," the country.

"*Tapada.*"—Page 40.

A blind. A woman who wears the rebosǫ so as to conceal her face is termed "tapada."

"*Mestizo.*"—Page 56.

Half-Indian, half-white.

"*Garrotta.*"—Page 58.

The "garrotta" is the mode of punishment in use in Mexico. It is certainly a more delicate way of sending a sinner out of the world than the "rope."

"*Chapparal.*"—Page 65.

The extensive thickets that cover large tracts of country throughout Mexico are called "chapparals." They are usually composed of thorny trees and plants, as the acacias, the cacti, and aloes. In some places these thickets are quite impenetrable until the macheté has cleared a way through them.

"*Calabozo.*"—Page 69.

The name for a Mexican prison. The municipal prison of New Orleans still retains its old Spanish name of "Calaboose" (Calabozo).

"*Armas de agua.*"—Page 90.

Literally "arms of water," meaning water-guards, or defences against the rain. They consist of a pair of skins attached to the front part of the saddle, and drawn over the thighs when it rains—an excellent protection.

"*Horn of the saddle.*"—Page 92.

In the western part of the United States a horn is sometimes set in the projection of the pommel for a

convenience to hook the bridle on. Hence that part of the saddle is often called the "horn," whether there be a horn or no.

"*Novedades.*"—Page 109.

Equivalent to our "news."

"*Dependientes.*"—Page 150.

Poor relations who live in the houses of the "ricos," as clerks, secretaries, &c., and the assistants of rich merchants, are styled "dependientes" (dependants). "Criado" is the current word for male servant; "criada," female servant.

"*Pobrecita!*"—Page 153.

Poor thing! An expression of pity or sympathy that often falls sweetly from the lips of the gentle-hearted women of Mexico.

"*Asesino.*"—Page 154.

Assassin. *Ladron,* robber. *Ingrato,* ungrateful. *Demonio,* devil. *Güero heretico,* white-haired heretic.

"*Zacate.*"—Page 158.

Trodden grass or dry leaves of the maize-plant.

"*Oracion.*"—Page 162.

Morning service at the church; morning prayer.

"*Alameda.*"—Page 172.

Public garden for walking in. A handsome place of the kind is met with in most large towns of Mexico. The public drive is termed "Paseo," and differs altogether from the Alameda.

"*Camino abajo.*"—Page 192.

Lower road,—road leading down the valley.

"*Bandolon.*"—Page 209.

The Mexican guitar. It differs in shape from the ordinary guitar. The body part is of an oval form, not fiddle-shaped. It produces a sound very like the guitar, though there is a slight peculiarity in the tones. It is a common instrument in Mexico, found in the hands not only of ladies, but in those of the poorest peasant.

"*The Sala.*"—Page 212.

The sala of a Mexican mansion is the common reception-room — drawing-room it might be styled, though it is not the *best* in the house. The "cuarto" is a better finished apartment, and used only on grand occasions.

"*Serenos.*"—Page 231.

The clumsy, old-fashioned night-watchmen of Mexico, who sleep on door-steps and occasionally call

out the hour, are termed "Serenos." They are habited in huge wide cloaks, and each carries a lanthorn and halberd.

"*Paroquia.*"—Page 232.

Parish-church.

"*Zambo.*"—Page 303.

Half-Indian, half-Negro. There are few zambos in the interior of Mexico, and not a great number of the African race in any part of it. The native Peon slave precluded the necessity for introducing the negro; hence pure negroes, or even mixed breeds of them, exist in Mexico in small proportion to the rest of the population. Most of them are found along the seaboard of the Gulf in the hot-lands of the *tierra caliente*—a climate which they are better fitted for than either Indian or white. The Zambos have the reputation of extreme brutality.

Vol. III.

"*Linda! lindissima!*"—Page 6.

The word "linda" is a favourite expression in the Spanish language. It conveys the idea of something very fair, soft, gentle, beautiful. In fact, no single English word can translate it. The French "jolie" is a fair representative of the Spanish "linda."

"*Pues.*"—Page 7.

Literally "then," but *pues* and *puesque* are interjective phrases, and frequently occur without any particular meaning, thickly sprinkled in a dialogue between two Spaniards.

"*Arborescent yucca.*"—Page 16.

The "tree yucca" of Northern Mexico often attains a height of forty or fifty feet. In some parts the huts of the poorer inhabitants are built entirely out of this tree. Its trunks form the uprights, its smaller limbs the joists and rafters, while the leaves make a very good thatch.

"*Husk cigarrito.*"—Page 27.

The cigar of Mexican manufacture is called "Puro." It is the "Pickwick" of London. A cigar of the sort made at Havannah is known among Mexicans as a "Habana." Most Mexican smokers prefer the small cigarette (*cigarrito*) rolled in paper, or husk of the maize-plant.

"*Double-headed calabash.*"—Page 29.

The gourd, or calabash, is the usual canteen of the Mexican traveller. Sometimes these grow with a double head—in shape somewhat resembling a sand-glass—and as a strap can be more easily attached to them, those of this form are preferred.

"*Carrai!*"—Page 30.

Another form of the Mexican oath "*Carajo.*"

"*Chinga!*"—Page 32.

A wild oath, used only by the very *lepero*. *Chingara*, a synonymous expression.

"*Malraya!*"—Page 60.

Still another wicked form of expression used by one who is displeased or dissatisfied.

"*Hatero.*"—Page 77.

A sheep-farm is a "hato." The owner of sheep a "hatero." The shepherd or keeper of them is also a "hatero."

"*Bottom.*"—Page 90.

In American phraseology, the "bottom" of a river does not signify its bed or channel, but the valley or plain through which that channel runs. A river bottom is often many leagues in breadth.

"*Motte.*"—Page 91.

A name applied to the clumps or copses of timber that stud some of the prairies.

"*Pitahaya.*"—Page 94.

The cactus, called by the Mexicans "pitahaya,"

is one of the most pleasing forms of this singular family of plants. It is that known under the names of "Columnar Cactus," "Chandelier Cactus," &c. The fruit of the pitahaya is about the size of an ordinary apple, and its pulp of a beautiful crimson colour. With the addition of cream and sugar it tastes very similar to strawberries. Pitahaya fruit is collected and brought to the market by the fruiterers of Mexico.

"*Chingarito.*"—Page 99.

The vilest species of "*aguardiente,*" or Mexican whisky, is dignified by the name of "chingarito."

"*Tillandsia.*"—Page 125.

The *Tillandsia usneoides,* or Spanish moss, sometimes called "old man's beard." A parasite of certain trees throughout most of the tropical and subtropical forests of America.

"*Caballeriza.*"—Page 190.

The stable of a Mexican gentleman, with the coach-house and other offices, is usually under the same roof with the dwelling-house, often occupying the ground-floor.

"*Huyeron.*"—Page 220.

Literally "they have run away," *i. e.* eloped.

"*Hung over the gateway.*"—Page 224.

This is a common custom among the frontier towns of North Mexico. At Chihuahua, and at other places, the traveller may see a number of odd-looking objects, like horses' tails, waving over the gate by which he enters the town. These are trophies—the scalps of hostile Indians.

"*On the war-trail.*"—Page 229.

Indians on a war expedition are said to be on the "war-trail."

"*Centinela alerte.*"—Page 235.

"Sentry awake—on the alert," the usual cry of the Mexican sentries, uttered in a shrill voice. "*Quien viva?*" is the challenge equivalent to our "Who goes there?"

"*Tapojos.*"—Page 245.

Mule-blinds, used for refractory mules, and usually made of strong leather. Every arriero carries with him a tapojo. Sometimes the word is written "topado."

THE END.

LONDON:
Printed by G. Barclay, 28 Castle St. Leicester Sq.

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS-URBANA
3 0112 084219051